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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXXIV. No. 891. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1923. TWOPENCE.

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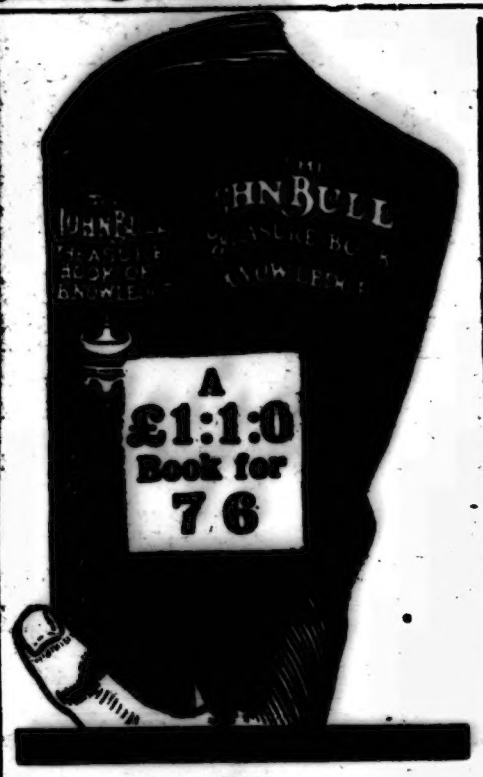

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J.B. 18.8.23

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SOMERSET.—Mrs. GILL, East Brent.

MARTLEY, Nr. WORCESTER.—Mr. A. SHEPPARD, The Bungalow, Berrow Green Road.

ST. ALBANS.—Mr. F. C. WILLIAMS, 9, Sandpit Lane.

DAVENHAM, NORTHWICH. — Mrs. L. EVANS, Bridge End Farm.

BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. J. PARFITT, 18, Brynrose Street.

GATESHEAD.—Mrs. O. QUINN, 74, Park Lane.

TOOTING, S.W. 17.—Mrs. H. MARSWICK, 29, Saltcoats Road.

SALESTON, Nr. BRIDGEND.—Mrs. J. BOWDEN, High Street.

LLANELLY HILL, BRECONSHIRE.—Mrs. J. WILLIAMS, Balance Pit.

AITH BY LARBERT, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. J. CREW, High Street.

TAFFS WELL, Nr. CARDIFF, GLAM.—Mrs. W. BALDWIN, 2, Lovel Houses.

HENDON, SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. S. CHAPMAN, 98, Thompson Street.

HEANOR, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. A. GROVES, 15, Nelson Street.

PENYRHOOL, CAERPHILLY.—Mrs. M. JENKIN, No. 24, Central Terrace.

PENTWYN, ABERSYCHAN, Nr. PONTYPOOL.—Mrs. A. SWEETING, 22, Camden Street.

Sickness Benefit—cont.

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SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. E. A. WATSON, 8, Vale Street.

TYLORSTOWN, RHONDDA VALLEY.—Mrs. S. DAVIES, 23, Bryn Road.

CASTLEFORD.—Mrs. E. HEWARD, 67, Leeds Road.

MORPETH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. A. FRANCIS, 3, Grange Bdg.

BOSCOMBE, BOURNEMOUTH, HANTS.—Mrs. E. E. DAY, 14, Hennington Road.

ANFIELD, LIVERPOOL.—Mr. T. PENN, 18, Molyneux Street.

CHADWELL HEATH.—Mrs. A. GOODEY, 11, Pyrmont Road.

WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. A. A. HOWARD, 9, Mill Lane.

SOUTH NORWOOD.—Mrs. E. S. HEARN, 48, Cawnpore Road.

LITTLE FELTHORPE, Nr. NORWICH.—Mrs. S. PARMENTER.

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ABERFIELDIE, Nr. CARDIFF, S. WALES. —Mrs. C. WILLIAMS, 37, Edward Terrace.

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GLOUCESTER.—Mrs. L. EDWARDS, 28, Park Street.

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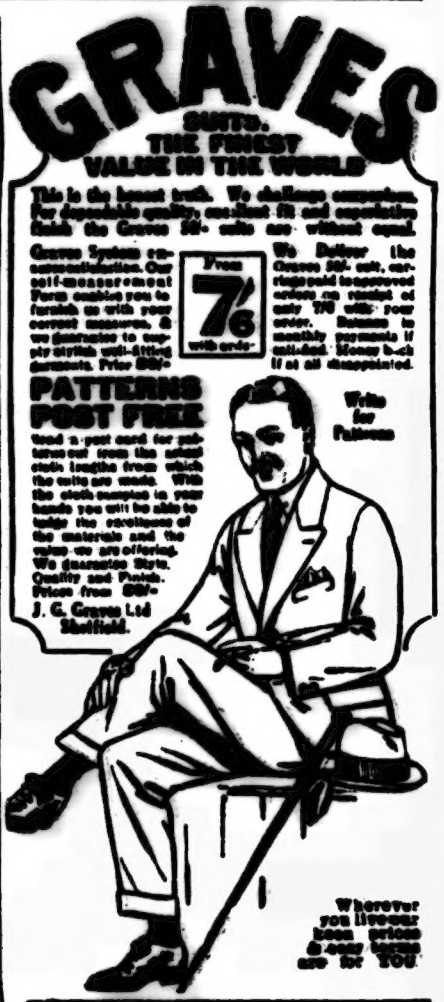
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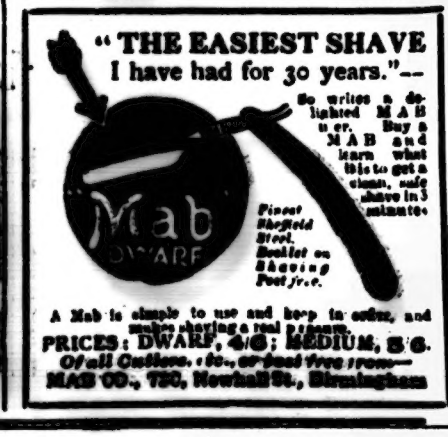
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VOL. XXXV. No. 892.
Week ending Saturday,
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The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Masterly Inactivity.

The new American President is not going to take part in the Ruhr controversy, and America will continue to sit on a pedestal while Europe perishes.

We Don't Think!

President Coolidge is in favour of the cancellation of war debts. Now we wonder if he includes that £2,000,000,000 Britain is busy paying America—or has he overlooked that little item?

A Growing Menace.

While the Allies squabble about reparations, Germany is going steadily ahead in secret to build up an enormous air power. When it is too late the Allies will wake up and try to do something.

What's it Mean?

At Doorn "Little Willie" is masquerading once more in the uniform of the Death's Head Hussars. This former hero of the Junkers is up to mischief and must be closely watched.

Working it Up.

Japan, looking at the military preparations of Europe, is starting a new militarist movement. So the new Armageddon is being steadily prepared.

A Dismal Comparison.

Since 1919 Britain has spent £1,290,000,000 in preparing for the next war and only £478,000,000 on repairing the human damage of the last. It is this inverted sense of values that is destroying civilisation.

Is it Deliberate?

The latest thing to hold up housing is a shortage of bricks. Whether or not it is a genuine famine or a dodge to keep up prices, the Ministry of Health should take drastic steps—and at once.

A Ghastly Prospect.

British export trade is at a standstill and the coming winter will see something like four million unemployed. Parliament should be summoned *now*—and should deal with this problem and nothing else. This is no time for political holidays.

Waste of Time.

The League of Nations has finished its discussions on disarmament, but we're not going to get excited on that account. We'll believe in the League when it does something.

Not a Dog's Chance.

To an American business man who visited him, Herr Hugo Stinnes confided his hope that the early victory of the Labour Party would definitely range Britain on the side of Germany against France. Our hope is that his hope is hopeless.

To Be or Not to Be.

We have been overwhelmed with correspondence in response to the article "The Vaccination Myth." Following our custom of fairness to both sides, we propose to publish a further article next week by Dr. Hadwen, the Gloucester expert.

Not In His Lifetime!

Benjamin Spence, a Canadian Prohibitionist, is convinced that it is only a question of time before Britain goes "dry." Maybe—but it will be a darned long time!

Follow it Up.

The Committee on Prices continues to report on the unjustifiable profits being made in the sale of food. It must not be allowed to remain at that—action must follow to bring prices down to a reasonable level.

Watch Them!

The reduction in railway freight rates should mean reduced food prices. If the consumer does not benefit we shall know who is profiteering.

Disgusting Greed.

The railway companies—with reserves totalling £130,000,000—want a Government subsidy before they will start any schemes of electrification. Once more profit-mongering is keeping badly needed work from the starving.

An Easy Remedy.

The dockers on strike resent the suggestion that their money is coming from Moscow. They are getting it from somewhere. Perhaps they will tell us where it does come from?

A Real "Yellow Peril."

While 30,000 British seamen are unemployed, Arabs, negroes and coolies form 36 per cent. of the personnel of the British Mercantile Marine. British sailors for British ships should be the rule.

Let Britons Rule!

The Constitutional Labour Movement is right in demanding that no one not of British nationality for at least three generations should be allowed to hold office. We have not forgotten the notorious Edgar Speyer.

Who Pays?

It is all to the good that British Labour leaders should improve their minds by world travel, but is the moment when trade union funds are depleted through bad trade the ideal one for dipping into the union purse for this purpose?

Not at Any Price.

The Social Democratic Federation wants conscription. H'm, yes! A trained "citizen army" would be nice and handy in case of revolution, wouldn't it?

Very Possibly.

G. K. Chesterton says the world is on the eve of another slave-State. It's not unlikely unless politicians stop their muddling and set about making it fit to live in.

This Freedom!

A Russian Socialist has told the truth about the Soviet, by describing how they have reduced the Russian people to the position of serfs. We hope their British admirers like the picture.

Ending Hypocritical Bunkum.

A majority of the Betting Tax Committee are in favour of a tax. It would at least end all the absurdities of the law and put the matter on a sane and common-sense footing.

Robbing the Nation.

Income Tax dodging is on the increase, and the revenue loses nearly £100,000,000 per annum. Surely with all the horde of officials this can be detected and stopped?

More Government Sweating.

Postal inspectors are miserably underpaid, and there seems to be a clear case for inquiry and redress. Public service cannot be efficient on starvation wages.

A Mystery.

While staffs are still being dismissed from Whitehall, and ex-Service men being turned away on the plea of no work, young women are still being signed on for the "duration" of their hold over amorous chiefs.

A Bright Idea.

To replace the Board of Education—which never meets—by a Ministry of Children is an excellent idea. Unless the State cares for its children it can never hope to maintain a healthy standard of citizenship.

A Fine Lead.

China is about to establish a Protector of Children to prevent their exploitation by unscrupulous employers. It is an example that might well be followed by more "enlightened" nations.

A Wash-out.

After all the boastings and preparations the Air Ministry cannot provide efficient aeroplanes even for practice purposes. A strict inquiry into the condition of our air defences is obviously needed.

Stern Measures Wanted.

Bogus theatrical managers increase and flourish. It is time drastic and deterrent action was taken against these pests who traffic in girls' honour.

A Blot on Britain.

That women and children under twelve work in coal-mines in British India is a disgrace to those responsible for the administration. It is plain slavery and must end.

Horse-sense.

Judge Greenwell is a wise man. He says jail is the only way to stop dangerous driving. Magistrates should treat all road hogs to a large dose of imprisonment.

Save Them.

The hospitals are in danger of either closing or accepting State aid. We don't know which would be worse. Now is the time for some of our philanthropists to come forward.

The Poison Drink.

It is time the whole milk question was taken seriously in hand. Doctors are agreed that much of the milk sold is unfit for human consumption. Perhaps our White Elephant will find time to do something useful for once?

From One Extreme——

It was bad enough when prowling police pounced on innocent pedestrians in the parks, but it is worse now they have gone to the other extreme of allowing women and men to be annoyed for fear of mistakes being made.

A Philanthropist.

The race of philanthropists is not extinct. There still survives one Ralph Kennedy, who from an address in the Strand, offers tips at five shillings a time with the promise of ten shillings refund if they go down. We hope this stuff won't go down with the public.

Shame.

Alexander Shaw, who served with distinction in the Canadian Highlanders, was advised that a job would be found him in Whitehall. He waited six weeks, refusing a private post offered him to keep faith with the Government, and at the end of another eight weeks was told there was no job for him. Somebody ought to be sacked.

Blunderbuss Bridgemen.

If the policy of the Office of Works is to hound unemployed ex-soldiers from pillar to post, it is highly successful. It has now ejected 130 of these men out of its huts at Belvedere by the simple process of removing the furniture. The men paid 8s. 6d. a week for cubicles, but the Office of Works sent a force of police to eject them because it had sold the estate to the South Suburban Gas Company. This is rotten treatment—the Home Secretary will soon be famous for blunders.

Another Stranded Revue.

Mollie Bowler of Glasgow was bound over at Lambeth for stealing a dress and a pair of stockings. Hitherto, she had borne an excellent character as an actress, but a short time ago the revue company, to which she belonged, was stranded, and she had not a penny in the world. Her unfortunate experience shows how necessary it is to have some check on insufficiently financed touring companies.

Ruined at Sixteen.

During the time Arthur William Collins was superintendent of the Sheppard Street Mission at Preston, one of its little inmates was a child named Eliza Carlisle. Now, at sixteen, she is a mother, and Collins is the father of her child. When he was ordered to pay her 10s. a week for its maintenance it was stated that he had been in the habit of going to her bedroom continually. What moral monsters some men are.

Unknown Heroes.

There are two brave men in Sunderland whose names may never be known. When George Glendinning, a sixty-year-old unemployed labourer fell into the river, one of them jumped after him and got into difficulties. The other, vaguely described as an older man, followed and supported them both until they were picked up by a boat. While thousands of onlookers interested themselves in Glendinning's condition the two rescuers disappeared. Will they kindly accept this as a handshake?

For Her Children.

A poor Teddington woman, who has three young children to bring up on 15s. a week, saw a can of milk on a doorstep, and thought of her kiddies at home. The temptation was too much—she stole the milk. "I took it for the children," she sobbed when brought before the Feltham magistrates. They bound the poor woman over, and she left the court a little richer than she went in. The kindly J.P.s had dipped their hands in their pockets for her benefit. We raise our hat to them.

Butter—through a Microscope.

The Ballochmyle Creamery Co., of Ayr, was summoned for selling margarine, described as "blended with butter," when it only contained one per cent. of the latter. It was contended that when such a mixture was sold, it did not necessarily mean that the butter formed any substantial portion of it. The magistrates said that one per cent. of butter was not fair to the purchaser, and fined the Company £20. It is refreshing to find *somebody* protecting the consumer these days.

Keep Him Locked Up!

John Loveridge has been sentenced at Bletchley to a month's imprisonment for neglecting his three children. He left them in a ditch to starve. A father well rid of.

Sweating in a Sweet Shop.

We give publicity to the following advertisement which appeared in a Sheffield newspaper, not because anyone is likely to want the job, but in order that our readers may know what skinflints there are in the city of steel. "Young lady, quick and smart, wanted for a sweet shop in Sheffield. Wages, 8s. per week." And in Sheffield such shops usually open seven days a week!

Two Brutes of Newark.

Benjamin Green of Newark pinned a cat down with a pitch fork and Harry Sothern broke its neck. The one was fined £5 and the other £3 for what the Magistrate stigmatised as "the most abominable case of cruelty I have ever known." Pity that he did not make the penalty fit the crime.

And this is Britain!

John Harrison, his wife, and their nine children have been "living (!)" in a small stable at Dinnington Village, near Newcastle, on the princely income of 27s. a week. They are better off now—they have been removed to the workhouse! That such a state of affairs is possible is a disgrace to our civilisation, and more effective Bolshevik propaganda even than Moscow could think out.

Fiend in Human Form.

Annie Squires, of Corfe Mullen, Dorset, is of the heartless type who should never have to mother another woman's child. This particular female fiend beat her 12-year-old stepdaughter with a stick until the poor child's back was a mass of weals, and the pattern of the jersey she was wearing was imprinted on her quivering flesh! Squires got a month's hard labour, but no tears would have been shed had the sentence been heavier.

Poison for Women.

So long as chemists continue to supply women with soul-destroying, home-wrecking methylated spirits the evils of its consumption and the scandals will grow. Gangs of women drink the poison at Oldham and in other towns. When under its influence they have been concerned in scenes that cannot be described. Yet, day by day, and week by week this misery-dope is freely served out to women at chemists' shops. Something must be done to save them.

Is She Mad?

Is Margaret Jean Hanbury Williams, dealt with at Weston-super-Mare, a super criminal or a mental obsessionist? Her amazing career as a lady of society, a doctor, a woman so recklessly extravagant that she ruined her husband, and a bigamist, not to mention her colossal frauds, suggest that hers is a mentality the doctors in the prison to which she has been sent should study. Prison cells are not always the physic a convicted person needs.

Perfidy of a Policeman.

Black sheep pay for their sins, even in the Liverpool City Police Force, as William Henry Haynes has learned by experience. Although a married man, Haynes has kept company with a decent Whiston girl, to whom he promised marriage. When arrangements were being made for the banns to be put up disclosure was made of his perfidy and betrayal. Playing the fool has cost Haynes his job as a constable, and should be a lesson to him for life.

HOLIDAY BENEFITS.

Don't forget to purchase your JOHN BULL whilst away on holidays. You are just as liable to meet with accident or sickness then, and besides, JOHN BULL covers any material damage to luggage to the value of £20. You can receive these benefits whether you stay at an hotel, boarding-house or apartment. Registered readers will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL whilst away.

Love before Life.

Miss Constance Acott of Oxford was so terribly upset when she lost her mother that she jumped from a window and was dashed to death eighty feet below. In death not divided, and it is touching to find that in these materialistic days, there was at least one poor girl who loved her mother better than life.

Trifling with a Menace.

Lancelot Charles Perrin of Oxford was at London Police Court charged with driving to the common danger and with being drunk in charge of a motor-car. He was fined 40s. for drunkenness and £20 for dangerous driving. A previous conviction for dangerous driving had been recorded against him. The common folk deserve more adequate protection against the Lancelots.

A Shilling Shocker.

A motorist living at Ripley, Surrey, found a handbag on a Sussex Road, and on taking it to the owner was informed that it contained £300. He was offered a shilling as a reward. Had the finder handed it in at the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard, the owner would have had to pay twelve-and-a-half per cent. of its value. No wonder there are so many charges of stealing by finding!

Death or Disgrace?

Sad was the fate of William Clarkson, junr., of Rugby Cottage, Grantham. Tempted, as many others have been, to obtain easy money from the unemployed exchange, he was prosecuted, and in his absence committed for a month. Throwing himself in front of a train he evaded jail, and made a more than sufficient atonement for his wrong-doing. Not all who sin feel the disgrace of it so keenly as Clarkson did.

A Lesson in Courage.

Still another brave sixteen-year-old heroine, Ellen Green, of Peel Street, Poolstock has given a number of men a lesson in courage and duty. They stood, keeping their trousers dry, on the embankment of the Canal, trying to reach the body of a man in the water with a clothes-prop. Fully dressed and unhesitatingly she dived into the water believing the man's life could be saved. What a brave girl she was, and what a credit to Poolstock.

Idle Words.

"I wish I could dash you against the fireburn. You are nothing but an inhuman brute!" said Sir Alfred Palmer, the Presiding Magistrate at Gateshead-on-Tyne, to Patrick Mourning, who in a drunken frenzy flung a three-months-old puppy into a fireplace, and when it fell moaning to the hearth with its legs broken drowned it in a bath and threw the body into a field. Then why, in the name of humanity, did the magistrate merely fine the brute, when he could have sentenced him to hard labour?

Why Not Prosecute?

At a recent meeting of the Lincoln Corporation the Commons and Markets Committee reported defalcations amounting to over £395 on the part of the manager of the cattle market, a public servant who, not content with his wage of £5 a week, had for a considerable period robbed the ratepayers of £8 a week more. For some reason which the citizens of Lincoln cannot understand a motion that the defaulting official should be prosecuted was rejected. We can only echo the cries of "Shame!" with which this decision was greeted.

The Bull-dog Breed.

We need not fear for the future of England while she breeds boys like Leslie Haywood, of Kidderminster. This ten-year-old lad has twice, recently, rescued children from drowning, on the latter occasion jumping fully clothed into the canal while several grown-up people looked on. The Royal Humane Society will surely not refuse to grant this plucky little fellow the recognition which he deserves. We hear that they are disposed to belittle his action on the ground that he did not run any serious risk of losing his own life! Do they want to hand out wreathes instead of medals?

Pitie!

How many officials are employed wasting their time counting the number of words and the length of the lines shorthand typists in Whitehall turn out every day? It's an insult to the workers and a sheer waste of public money.

Preventable Tragedies.

During the year there were 24 fatal cases of falling out of moving trains. This high rate can be minimised. Surely it is not beyond human ingenuity to introduce a system of automatic train control that will make such accidents impossible. And this is up to the railway companies to do.

Kick Him Out!

Is it nobody's business to see to it that orders for the expulsion of undesirable aliens are obeyed? Rene Canvin, a notorious French-Canadian, whose speciality is robbing church offertory boxes, was ordered to go some time ago, but he stayed on. Now he is in jail again, and, we ask, what will be done with him when, in six months' time, he is set free from Kirkdale?

Season Ticket Danger.

We strongly advise season ticket holders to watch carefully the new rates that are about to be put into force. The Railway Rates Tribunal has submitted a new schedule and in some cases the rates are higher than the existing ones. There is no reason for this in view of the huge amount made while the railways were under Government control and the 130 millions which the railways possess as a reserve fund.

Smash the Sugar Ring.

When Mr. Baldwin introduced his last Budget he promised a reduction in the duty on sugar when new and cheaper supplies came into the country. The sugar market has now greatly improved and the price has fallen, yet the duty is still heavy and the reduction in price stops long before it reaches the housewife. When will the Sugar Ring be smashed?

Pride of Bolton.

What a man John Farrington, of Bolton, should become! He is only nine, but he has the heart of a hero, and exceptional presence of mind. When a younger boy had fallen down a steep slope, the other day, and was in danger of being drowned, John set a fine example to the cowards who, in such circumstances, send home for their bathing costumes. He dashed in, and saved the lad. John's parents should be proud that they have such a brave son.

The Call for the Cat.

When it permits little boys to be birched for minor offences and spares from the whip the backs of prurient monsters who outrage defenceless girls and women, the law forgets the part that fear may have in making the country morally clean. The Liverpool justices have now joined with Mr. Justice Greer, in calling for the "Cat" to be added to or substituted for imprisonment in such cases. It is the only way to save girls and women from outrage.

Too Much Gush.

The latest dodge of the Yankee flat-fishers who are trying to persuade people to invest money in oil land leases is to address personal letters to ex-Service men claiming some vague sort of war acquaintanceship. One of the most effusive of these Transatlantic hot-air merchants is A. Bowen, who writes from St. Joseph, Missouri. Anyone who receives a communication from him may take it from us that there is far more gush in his letters than in his leases.

The Postmen's Holiday.

Though Birmingham business men have to be content with the usual August Bank Holiday, most of the post offices in the city and Smethwick areas remained closed all day on the following Tuesday, there being only one delivery of letters and parcels and only the general night collection from the pillar-boxes. We are the last to wish to deprive hard-worked post office officials of much needed relaxation, but surely arrangements might be made which would interfere less with the business of a great city.

That Ill-Health Ministry Again.

In view of the fact that cancer has now become more virulent than tuberculosis it is damnable to find that the Ministry of Health has taken no steps to acquaint the public of the early signs of the dread disease. At present cancer accounts for one-tenth of national mortality—when it accounts for the other nine the (alleged) "Health" Ministry may contemplate action. Or may not.

Paved with Gold.

When the Marylebone Council determined to pull up and relay Oxford Street they gave the Post Office long notice of their intention. But so soon as the relaying had been completed the Post Office announce their determination to pull up this important thoroughfare in order to lay its mains. Truly London's streets are paved with gold.

Powers in the Game.

About 5,000 ex-officers still in search of work, 100,000 wholly or partially disabled ex-Service men dependent on charity to supplement pensions, and 400,000 men on the Labour scrap heap—such is the comment by Earl Haig on the realisation of the recruiting poster's assurance: "A grateful country will never forget you." What a bitter farce such promises are?

The Helping Hand.

We should be the last people in the world to deny the good work being done by the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshop. The directors now explain that the large pension which we criticised recently could not be legally avoided and was, in fact, paid by another institution. In the name of fairness we give publicity to this explanation and trust that the good work will continue.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING NOBODY

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

It is commonly assumed that to be numbered among the great, the powerful, the highly placed, the conspicuous and famous is a thing much to be desired.

Judging by the efforts men put forth to this end there would appear to be no doubt about it.

But the experience of those who have been most successful in the struggle does not justify the belief that they are to be envied.

Tennyson makes Merlin say:

Sweet were the days when I was all unknown,
But when my name was lifted up, the storm
Broke on the mountain . . . . . .
Right well know I that fame is half dis-fame.

"Ah, there is happiness," said Napoleon to the page-boy who confessed that his father was but a peasant-proprietor farming his own land.

The truth is that those who stand out prominently above the crowd have a harder, not an easier, time than their fellows.

We reward individuals who have rendered specially meritorious public service by promoting them to positions wherein they have to toil more strenuously than ever.

They may like their gilded slavery, and cling to it with all their might, but it is slavery none the less.

In comparison how happy is he who can stand on the outskirts of great affairs and watch with interest the gyrations of the wrestlers in the middle.

He is free: they are bound. He has the franchise of obscurity: they writhe in the limelight.

His is the inestimably precious privilege of being unimportant: they—God pity them—have to pay tribute for everything they say and do.

It may be a man's plain duty to undertake work that plunges him into the fierce fires of publicity, but let no one imagine that this makes life pleasanter for him.

The lowly sphere is preferable if we are wise enough to know it.

Two's Company.

Close observation has failed to disclose any more useful service on the part of the women police in London than keeping the real Robert company on certain beats. And the opinion of Robert on the company he is forced to keep by his superiors is not always printable.

Only Little Lives.

In 1912, 91 out of every 1,000 legitimate and 181 out of every 1,000 illegitimate children died. In 1922, ten years later, the figures were 74 per 1,000 and 139 per 1,000 respectively. What a terrible price we pay for the incompetence of the Health and other Ministries!

Airmen's Grievances.

The Royal Air Service is full of grievances. We have investigated them and know that they are genuine. The service is unpopular, and every man who has finished his short colour period is scuttling out of it. Hence when drafts are sent abroad they consist mostly of old hands who should not be sent out. There is an urgent necessity for a searching inquiry into the management of the corps and the treatment of the men. Will it be held?

Vandals of Whitehall.

Five years ago the war ended so far as everybody but the War Office is concerned. The Brass Caps, however, prefer to think that the West Lulworth downs must still be used for the Tanks Corps to blaze away on. This caused East Lulworth to close, and will mean that Lulworth Cove—one of the beauty spots of the country—will also have to close, with the result that much distress will be caused. The vandals of Whitehall must be brought back to sanity.

Cutting it with an Axe.

Until recently the ration allowance of British soldiers was a little over six annas—about sixpence—a day. As from July 1 it has been reduced to three-and-a-half annas a day. How it is expected that men can be fed satisfactorily on such a pittance passes our comprehension. As it was, we were continually receiving complaints about the quality of the messing. The "Inchcape Axe" which has been swung so ruthlessly in India has done no crueller thing than this. The order should be rescinded at once.

Holy, Holy Holyhead!

At a special meeting of the Holyhead Council some consternation was created by a member who drew attention to the fact that boating is indulged in on Sundays. One horrified lady Councillor exclaimed, "We shall have people playing tennis on the Sabbath here soon!" and the chairman interposed, "We might as well have the shops open!" Ultimately it was decided to send a letter to the Captain of the Port, requesting him to stop the practice. We shan't go to Holyhead for our holiday.

Seeds of Revolution.

There are thirty unemployed farm labourers in the Hampshire villages of Barton, Stacey, and Wenston, who can spend their enforced leisure by gazing at 1,400 acres of land in the locality which have been allowed to go out of cultivation. Last year the Hants County Council spent £214 in shifting weeds from this land, as the seeds of these weeds were a danger to the surrounding farms, and the owner of the derelict land has refused to pay a penny of the amount. What does the Government propose doing to ginger up this landlord, and others of his type?

"Money for Jam."

It is almost incredible that doctors should profiteer at the expense of poor patients, who, in order to claim benefits for minor accidents under our Insurance Scheme, ask them to fill in the necessary medical certificates. Numerous cases have come to our knowledge where fees of £1 1s. have been demanded. Granting that skilled medical knowledge is necessary for filling up the certificates such fees are out of all proportion to the services rendered. To protect our readers' interests, it may be necessary to devise means to ensure that the benefits they receive are not frittered away to subsidise a wealthy profession.

A Quack Worker of Miracles

WE live in an age when medical "miracles" are of almost daily occurrence. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that plausible quacks are exploiting more and more the discoveries of science. Here is an impudent case showing how the public are gulled by brazen tomfoolery.

IT has been said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. In that case it is a duty to humanity to introduce to it Mr. Arthur Roberts, of Palace Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

We hasten to say that this Arthur Roberts is not the famous comedian, although he seems to us to share something of the spirit of comedy.

He describes himself as an "osteopathist." Osteopaths we know. They come from America, and they specialise in what is called manipulative surgery, achieving very remarkable cures in many cases. An "osteopathist" is something new to us.

But we bow in the direction of Arthur Roberts, though not because he describes himself as an "osteopathist," though he does not quote any degrees from any recognised American college of osteopathy. We salute him because he proposes to do for mankind something that can only be described as a miracle.

What he has offered to do for a fee, of course, is to make old men young, and old women too, to defeat time with his scythe and hour-glass, and to postpone our arrest by the fell sergeant Death.

Most people have heard of Varonoff and Steinach. They claim that they can transplant the glands of a monkey into the glands of a man and, in that way, restore his youth. But Varonoff and Steinach are famous scientists. Arthur Roberts does not claim high scientific standing, and his achievement is therefore all the more remarkable because he has offered to restore people to youth without any operation at all, except the financial one, of paying substantial fees.

In an advertisement he observes that, throughout the ages, man has ever rebelled against the brief span of his mortal existence, and has sought to discover the elixir of life in order to renew his youth just as he has sought the Philosophers' Stone in order to transmute the baser metals into gold. Mr. Roberts is no doubt seeking the Philosophers' Stone himself, and transmuting the baser metals into gold.

Roberts, in any case, does not think very much of Varonoff and Steinach. He says very rightly that there is always danger after an operation. So he has invented a new method which dispenses with the operation. All you have to do is to go to what he calls the Ozo Institute at Palace Chambers, and have your glands "manipulated" by the digital dexterity of this miracle-worker.

He says that he can tickle the glands so effectively that they renew their own youth, and then renew the youth of the person who owns them. It is a splendid conception. It adds, according to Roberts, "ten years to the life of the elderly." Unfortunately you have to wait ten years to be quite sure of this.

What is amazing is that people will believe rubbish of this kind and pay their money to these so-called miracle men, and yet the medical profession, the experts whose business it is to know all about glands, cannot find anything in Arthur Roberts' methods that is worth adopting and incorporating into medical science. Of course the thing is all bunkum. If there were anything in it a great deal of money could be made renewing life, not only human, but animal.

A valuable race-horse might add £20,000 to the profits of its owner if it could get a renewed lease of its racing career. This would allow of a considerable fee to Arthur Roberts and his kind, but the worst of such a proposal is that the results would have to be guaranteed. That is where the Ozo Institute falls down.

Instead of facing such severe tests Mr. Roberts pours out all sorts of gush about the elixir of life, and promises by his marvellous new gland treatment to renew health and virility, to restore beauty and to intensify it. No doubt this brings him in a clientele of foolish old women who will pay their money cheerfully if they can be persuaded that they are going to improve their looks.

It is rather a pity that when people are getting old, and want to be restored to physical fitness and good appearance, the treatment should be a little more difficult, and the effects of it slower. That is only another way of saying that more fees go into the pocket of Mr. Roberts. If foolish people like to present their money to this person, we do not know of any rule to prevent them. And we congratulate Mr. Roberts on having found the philosophers' stone—a way of getting rich quick without doing anything that might arouse an unsympathetic interest on the part of the police.

If you take money from people in order to tell their fortune, you may bring yourself within the operation of the law. But if you take money from people for telling them that you will make them young and handsome you are doing something which the law does not trouble itself about.

To quote further from Roberts, "the treatment readjusts the glands as the watchmaker does the mainspring of a watch, and sets the whole organism in renewed working order."

If people really believe that the human body is a sort of glorified watch, into which you can put a new spring, and tighten up the bolts and screws, they will believe anything. And so Mr. Roberts will continue to lift the money from feeble-minded people of whom there is always an unfailing supply in this world.

We are rather astonished at the moderation of Mr. Roberts. He runs his Ozo Institute for the benefit of humanity, and it is very thoughtful of him not to undertake to improve people's brainpower as well as their personal appearance. That would of course be a still greater service to humanity. But Mr. Roberts probably does not want a higher standard of brain power in this country.

Stupidity and gullibility are qualities much more to his mind. We advise our readers to regard the Ozo Institute with its promises to renew one's youth, as a booby trap, and let it severely alone.

Land of Lost Illusions

HUNDREDS of deluded people are still departing for Australia buoyed up by hopes for which there is no justification.

FROM time to time, ventilating the scandals of Australian emigration, we have spoken very plainly to Australia House, and called upon Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner, to overhaul this department.

To this appeal Sir Joseph Cook has replied with a dignified and thoroughly official silence. But the matter is not to be allowed to rest there. A British Delegation is visiting the Dominion to investigate this whole problem of emigration. Its report will have to be dealt with.

In the meantime the complaints do not cease. Take the case of Claude Waibel, the son of a widowed mother, whose husband was killed in the war. Claude, who lives in Akerman Road, London, S.W. 9, found himself unable to get work here and applied to the authorities at Australia House for a passage to the Dominion. The boy did not wish to remain at home, as his mother, who has to work herself, could not keep him.

His mother helped him from her scanty resources. She fitted her son out with clothing. She borrowed half a guinea to pay for his medical examination, and a further two pounds which he was required to hand over as landing money.

This poor soldier's widow went into debt to help her son, and they awaited the news as to the date of his sailing. Their disappointment may be imagined when, after some delay, a letter came to say that Claude was not satisfactory. No reason was given, £2 was returned but not the doctor's fee.

Why cannot this poor woman get all her money back? Why does Australia House take money from the son of a poor soldier's widow without finding out, first of all, whether the lad is fit? Why, when it alleges that he is unfit, does it retain the money?

We direct the attention of Sir Joseph Cook to this matter, which we think merits his consideration.

The Australian newspapers comment on the arrival of the s.s. *Berrima*, with half her cabins empty, while Australia House complains that there is insufficient accommodation for emigrants. This is another typical example of the inefficiency of Australia House.

Then there is the case of an elderly man and a boy who arrived by the same ship. They are stranded in Melbourne. They have failed to pass the medical test, owing, it is stated, to "faulty supervision," and they are to be returned to this country unless somebody comes forward to guarantee their future maintenance.

How did they pass a medical test in London, for which they paid the usual half-guinea fee? Or, if they did not pass such a test, who at Australia House is responsible for sending them out to Australia?

These are matters of administration. And they are such obvious blunders that naturally there is no confidence in the glowing promises which Australia House holds out to British emigrants. Reports from Australia, moreover, show a very different side to the picture.

Advertisements are appearing announcing concerts in aid of the "Destitute Immigrant Relief Fund." Police Court proceedings give cases like that of Arthur Stringer, a young man charged in Sydney with breaking a police-station window because he was starving. The police inspector stated that it was not easy to get a free meal in Sydney.

The Returned Soldiers' League of Australia has issued public warnings as to the amount of unemployment amongst destitute ex-soldiers in Australia. Mr. L. C. Elliott, the President of the League, states that last winter great distress was caused by unemployment, and he appealed for a great movement to assist Australian ex-soldiers to avoid similar suffering in the coming winter.

Doctor Arthur, M.L.A., of New South Wales, tells us a pathetic story of a man who is the father of seven children and who has been out of work for months. This man is a teetotaler and a non-smoker. He has walked his boots off looking for work.

These are disturbing facts. While they exist, and while broken ex-soldiers from Australia are still clamouring at the doors of Australia House, and pleading for a chance to get home, we think that something more necessary is required to cope with the position than the stern and dignified and official and amazing silence of Sir Joseph Cook.

Amazing Confessions of Queenie Gerald

WE fail to understand why, in the face of our exposures of the dangerous activities of Queenie Gerald, this notorious harpy is permitted by the police to remain at liberty, and to continue her malpractices. We reveal here some of her own confessions which prove conclusively the truth of the allegations JOHN BULL has made against her.

IT is not often that a woman of ill-fame, who has been exposed and denounced in an outspoken journal like JOHN BULL, comes out in the open to justify the things that have been written about her.

But this is what the notorious Queenie Gerald has done, and her own admissions are an impudent and cynical challenge to society and to the police. We propose here to tell the story of Queenie Gerald as given by herself, not out of any desire to persecute any individual, however infamous, but because it is only by publicity that we can bring home to the country the imperative need for adequate and drastic action in cases where JOHN BULL calls for it in the public interest.

Many people, amazed at the inactivity of the police, have read with a certain amount of incredulity the revelations we have made. We need not repeat them here. Instead, we will give the admissions which this woman herself made in an action heard at Brighton a few days ago.

. . .

Mrs. Geraldine Gaynor, describing herself as a widow, claimed damages for assault from Mr. Robert Gordon Brown, living at 16c, Dyke Road, Brighton.

She said that Gordon, who is an ex-policeman, lived with her. His contention was that he was employed by her, at a salary of £5 a week, to act as a manager and a "protector" to her from the mob in the streets. He explained how she was mobbed, and had to take shelter in a shop, because she was Queenie Gerald—said to be associated with the White Slave Traffic.

In any case, she and her ex-policeman "protector" quarrelled. The ex-policeman took his departure, and Queenie Gerald invoked the machinery of the law, and sought from him £50 damages for assault.

The jury, having seen her in the box, and heard her amazing admissions, brought in a verdict for her of "the smallest coin of the realm, one farthing."

They were obviously not impressed by her flaunting and brazen manner, or by the decorous widow's weeds she wore, or by the dazzling display of costly jewels worth many thousands of pounds, or by the exquisite ermine cloak thrown carelessly round her shoulders, making a carefully calculated contrast with her painted face and sensuous and heavily rouged lips.

. . .

It was a sordid story that was unfolded. She had met this man Brown at Bellomo's Hotel, 102, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., where he was acting, at the time, as manager. Brown denied that he had a fight with a visitor at Bellomo's Hotel, but admitted that there was a disturbance there with a count and a countess and two other men, and that he had to eject them.

Gordon Brown went with Queenie Gerald to Dalmeny Court, Duke Street, Piccadilly, where she was turned out at a moment's notice after an article had appeared in this journal exposing her. After this, she moved from hotel to hotel, accompanied by Gordon Brown.

She was expelled, according to his evidence, from the Grosvenor Hotel, owing to her own conduct and because of the obscene songs sung by her maid. Gordon and Queenie stayed as father and daughter at the Welbeck Palace Hotel, where Queenie described herself as the Honourable Mrs. Gordon-Gordon, and the management was very glad to get rid of her.

The ex-Metropolitan policeman, Brown, swore that he had seen Queenie drink a bottle of brandy between nine and eleven in the morning.

Apparently part of Gordon Brown's duties was to find accommodation for his mistress when she was turned out of whatever place she was living in. It was his failure to secure for her a flat at 45, Piccadilly, W., that led to the quarrel between them. Queenie proposed to take this place as a furrier, though she admitted that she had never been a furrier. The landlord had learned, after a private enquiry agent had called at this office, who the proposed furrier really was. So this chapter in the Skin Game came to an end so disappointing for Queenie that she quarrelled with Brown, and a fight took place.

. . .

No doubt what actuated the jury in giving the minimum damages was this woman's own story. The solicitors for the defence made enquiries at this office, and copies of JOHN BULL were sent down to them at Brighton.

She stated that her correct name was Geraldine Gaynor. She admitted that she was also known as Queenie Gerald, and impudently declared that this was her stage name, though she carefully refrained from giving the name of any play in which she had acted.

She also declared that she sometimes called herself the Honourable Geraldine Gaynor, and smilingly admitted that she had no right whatever to this high-sounding title.

Her attention was drawn to the fact that JOHN BULL had accused her of misconduct with men. She did not deny it. As though it were the most casual matter in the world she explicitly observed: "I have been guilty of misconduct with men."

She could not deny that she had been convicted at the London Sessions in 1913 for exercising control and influence over the movements of prostitutes, when she was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the second division.

. . .

She swore that her expenses at the Welbeck Palace Hotel were sometimes sixty pounds a week, sometimes fifty, and sometimes more. At one place she was paying between £150 and £200 a week, but there she claimed to have paid wages to her servants. Where she got the money from is a matter of inference that no doubt affected the jury in awarding contemptuous damages.

She explained her being turned out of the Dalmeny Court flat as not for disorderly conduct, but because she was pursued and "written up" by JOHN BULL. She also explained that she was turned out of 27, Albemarle Street, W., for the same thing—articles in JOHN BULL.

"They had printed the landlord's address in the paper," she said, "and the landlord came to me and said he couldn't have me there. I left within a week."

She confessed that Queenie Gerald was a notorious name, and also that a book, "White Slaves in a Piccadilly Flat," was about her—a book which was described in Court as depicting, on the front cover, two drunken men and one woman standing over another with a whip.

Asked why she did not take action against those who published these charges, her reply was "I did not do anything, as Mr. McKenna, and Mr. Shortt, two Home Secretaries, in answer to questions in Parliament, said there were no grounds for taking proceedings against me whatever."

With regard to the suggestion that she used obscene language, she denied that soft impeachment, and pleaded that the only virile word in her vocabulary was the relatively harmless "damn."

But the effect of this modest plea was lost upon the jury because, under cross-examination, Queenie was compelled to admit that she had been convicted at Marlborough Street Police Court on the charge of using obscene language in public.

. . .

There, for the moment, we may leave the miserable Queenie Gerald, who has now taken a flat in the residential chambers situated in Clarges Street, Piccadilly, W.

We do not know whether they are familiar with her record there. It is a shocking record of profitable vice, of the defiling of young girls, of the debasing of womanhood to gratify the lust of dreadfully perverted people.

Counsel stated, in the case in which she pleaded guilty to keeping a disorderly house, that this letter was found on the premises:

Your friend, wishing to meet a few Society ladies, I can arrange for three for Sunday. They are the real thing, and frightfully expensive. Will you ask the Prince what he is prepared to give?

We do not know which Prince was referred to—there were several visiting foreign royalties in London at the time. But this letter throws a light on the magnificence of the jewellery and the beautiful ermine cloak with which Queenie Gerald faced the Brighton judge and jury.

. . .

But the real point is this. Here is a woman, who on her own confession is a brazen and notorious evil-doer, a rich and flourishing social pest, a standing menace to innocent and unwary young women who fall into her clutches.

She is a woman who pleads that she is always being pursued by JOHN BULL, but when asked why she does not take legal action, says: "I do not want to live in the Law Courts all my life."

It is not a question of where she wants to live or how she wants to live. She ought to be forced to live in a decent fashion or be placed under immediate restraint, where she can harm no one.

In the public interest and as a safeguard of morality and decency—Why is this woman not being pursued by the police?

Bucket Shop Bamboozle

IT is a thousand pities that the law provides such inadequate means of dealing with the numerous nondescript hangers-on to the fringe of City finance who lure people with little means and less experience in the wily ways of these artful dodgers into sending them money for what they call "operations" in shares conducted on a gambling basis.

One of the most blatant of these bamboozling bucket-shop proprietors is a Captain Sydney A. England, who under the style of "England and Co., Stockbrokers, 32-3, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.," advertises in the personal columns of newspapers "How £5 can become £35 in a week."

The method by which England asserts that such a financial miracle can be worked is to purchase call options on shares which may—or may not—increase in market value within the period of the option. Any money won by customers is placed to their credit with a promise that a cheque in settlement will be sent "on our pay day." When this long-looked-for day arrives, however, the successful speculators are apt to find that settlement has to be postponed owing to one of the "principals" being out of town. On these occasions the gallant Captain sometimes has urgent business in "gay Paree."

The description of "stockbrokers," which "England and Co.," give themselves, is sheer impudence. The name does not appear in the London Stock Exchange Official List, but it has long figured in the black lists of reputable financial newspapers.

As these catch-penny-catch-pound advertisements are appearing largely in provincial papers, our readers will appreciate this warning.

Driving School Children Mad

HOW does it come about that so many of the little children who are sent by the State to "special detention schools" for the wicked crime of poverty are transferred to mental homes when their period of "training" has been completed? We demand an explanation from the Home Office without delay.

WHAT becomes of the little children of the poor who are sent, by kindly disposed magistrates, to State schools? These unfortunate and inoffensive offsprings who come under official ban, have committed no crime; else they would be transplanted for their sins to Borstal, or a reformatory.

There is, or should be, no criminal stigma attached to State schools. What one expects to happen is that after the period of training has elapsed, the child should be returned to its parents, healthy, happy and generally all the better for the expert care under which it had been placed by the State, at the expense of the country.

It will come as a shock, therefore, to every fair-minded citizen to learn that such is not the case; that, in fact, many of these children, whose only offence is poverty, go into these "special" industrial schools normal-minded and leave it mentally deficient; that indeed, there are an increasing number of them who never return to their parents at all!

What becomes of them? It seems that after the three, four or five years' training, a stereotyped circular is almost invariably sent to parents informing them that their child, having "attained the age of sixteen" has been found and certified to be "mentally defective," and has therefore been transferred "to a certified institution under the provisions of Section 9 of the Mental Deficiency Act, 1913."

In other words, your child as a result of the special Government brand of treatment, has become, not the creditable citizen you imagined he would be, but instead a harmless lunatic, certified as such, without you, the parents, being informed and without your being given an opportunity of having an independent doctor present at the examination which is to prove so vitally important to the future of your offspring. And this sort of thing is constantly happening. There seems to be no end to it.

Imagine the feelings of the parents. Consider what a shock such a communication must give to a mother who, through her own miserable poverty has had to part with her child for a few years. Consider her hopes of seeing him again, and how they are dashed cruelly to the ground. It is little short of monstrous.

There is a hard-working man named Benn, who lives with his wife in a small house in Stepney. Benn is not always able to procure work, and has had a rough time of it.

Well, last year, three of their children, so poorly clad and so hungry that the mother kept them from school, were found "wandering" near their home.

Enter the schoolboard man. He recited to a hushed court at Shoreditch the dreadful indictment of the family who lived in dire poverty, of the father not earning enough money to keep the children, of the children's many absences from school, of their walking about without boots; in short, it sounded like a clear case for the "special" industrial schools! The amazing thing about the case of these three children was that the local inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. gave evidence *on behalf of Benn*. He stated emphatically that this was not a case for prosecution, but one for help. But the Prussianised system won.

The twin brothers of ten, and the little sister of six were sent to State schools for detention until "they attained the age of sixteen." That would no doubt impress on their minds the folly and danger of being poor!

But that is not the only trouble of this unhappy family, persecuted and crushed because they are poor. In 1918, Albert Benn was sent to Stoke Park Industrial School "for five years" for playing truant from school. In a rich family the boy would no doubt be given 500 lines to do, as an extreme punishment. But Albert was of poor parents! Remember then, that his sole offence was playing truant. No mention at all of his being anything else but a normal, healthy-minded boy. And he was packed off to Stoke Park "in his best interests," to be trained into a fine, clever fellow.

Now he is nearing the age of sixteen, and is happy in the thought that his long period of detention has all but expired.

Poor lad! Little does he know that, like so many other boys and girls sent to these special schools, he is to be transferred, on his sixteenth birthday, to what is nothing less than a lunatic asylum! That is to be his fate.

The official blow, which has prostrated the poor mother, fell last week. The old, impudent, stereotyped circular came along, informing the parents in cold, harsh words, that Albert has been certified mentally defective, and was to be transferred to a home for mental defectives. He may never see the world again.

We say that this is a grave and wicked scandal. And we call upon the Home Office to investigate the whole system governing these "special" training schools which, in too many cases, manufacture lunatics.

A Match Maker's Romance

IT is remarkable how eager some people are to assist disabled ex-Service men — with other people's money.

The latest scheme of this character is "The Inter-Allied Disabled Soldiers and Sailors' Match Industry," the promoters of which are H. Mainwaring Dunstan, late A.S.C., and Henry Dunsford, late Middlesex Regiment, two rather interesting individuals whose names have already been brought into prominence through their association with another fantastic enterprise.

The notepaper used in connection with their present scheme is of a most impressive description. The name of Dunstan appears as "Secretary," and there is a foreign office, under a "Controller," H. G. Graff, at 2, Rue Salamandre, Liège, and, finally, British Administrative offices, under "Controller" Henry Dunsford, at 104, High Holborn.

With all this imposing array it appears strange that the concern should be so short of capital as to have to seek "Managers" willing to invest £150 for three months, in return for which a salary of £16 a month is promised. It is suggested that at the end of that period the money will be repaid with 10 per cent. interest, and may be reinvested, the investor receiving a two years' agreement carrying a progressive salary of £5 a week.

The work is to organise and supervise the sale of Belgian matches. It is when a typewritten sheet, "Duties and Routine of Managers," issued by the "Controller," is examined that the exploitation of crippled war heroes becomes apparent. The first paragraph reads:

"Each manager will on arrival at the town appointed find not less than two and not more than three disabled men, who must be smart and bright and *must have lost the use of a limb*."

Ultimately each manager will have under his control several such men, who will be provided with hawkers' licences and sent to peddle matches among their own local people in the first place and then to travel round. These men are to be paid £2 a week, to be increased to £3 a week after three months.

From figures given to an applicant we find that the average profit on the matches would be between 2s. and 3s. a gross. Thus it would be necessary to sell about 24,000 boxes of matches a week to pay the wages of six cripples and a manager, allowing nothing for rent of a local office and store-room. Not a very alluring prospect.

An ingenious attempt is made to convey an idea of Royal patronage by printing on the match-box labels "As supplied to the Royal Household." This appears to be based on nothing more substantial than a letter regretting that orders could not be taken away from firms now supplying matches, but giving an order for one gross!

Brass Watches for Gold

MESSRS. J. A. DAVIS & Company, of 26, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5, is a firm which does a great deal of business all over the country through its mail order department.

The firm is in fact a pawnbroking concern, and this no doubt encourages people to believe that they are getting bargains in the way of unredeemed pledges. The firm's advertisements appear in some of the Sunday papers, and in the provincial Press, and a large and profitable business is done.

We cannot say much for the way in which it does its business. Mr. E. Lewis, of 35, Providence Street, Batley, Yorks, is a reader of this journal. While he was a patient in a hospital he bought a watch from them for twenty-eight shillings. The bargain was supposed to be rolled gold.

The watch changed colour, however, and Mr. Lewis had it examined. He discovered that the case was brass, and the value put on the watch, by the expert who examined it, was five shillings.

That is certainly not the way to do business that will commend itself to the public. But that is not the whole story. Mr. Lewis wrote to Davis and Co., and told them of his discovery and his dissatisfaction. They replied telling him to return the watch, saying that they would return his deposit. He did so.

This was in the beginning of July. We are now in the middle of August, and Mr. Lewis is still unable to get his deposit. He writes time and again to this firm, but his letters are ignored. Why is this man being kept out of his money by this big firm with its splashy advertisements and imposing address?

Some time ago Davis & Co. used to claim that it was under "Royal Patronage"—rather an impudent one for a firm of pawnbrokers. They dropped that claim shortly after it had been suggested in JOHN BULL, that possibly some footman of the Royal Household had once kicked a member of this pawnbroking firm down the back stairs of Buckingham Palace. In any case it no longer puts forward this preposterous claim.

The advertisements which it publishes are read by schoolboys, servant girls, and many other inexperienced people, who are led into buying rubbish at prices which ought to secure good articles.

The system of paying for goods by deferred payments may have its advantages in some cases. But there are too many firms now operating in various parts of the country which specialise in this kind of business, and sell inferior articles at prices that do not appear to be big when the payment is spread over many weeks. If people choose to buy goods, which are not an imperative need, on the deposit system, it is their own affair. It is certainly not a wise way of doing business.

INCOME-TAX "FRAUDS"

And Blunted Commercial Morality

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

TAKING him in the lump, I suppose the income-tax payer is what you might call the meekest thing on the market. His private view of the "tax of taxes" and of the fine body of public servants who assess and (where possible) collect it, has never been unreservedly committed to print.

If the poor old dubber-up of 4s. in the pound suffers at all he suffers in silence.

With his friends, the Inland Revenue authorities, however, the case is entirely different. They for their part possess a wonderful opinion of the income-tax payer and never hesitate to bruit it forth from the housetops when the fit takes them.

THEY have just been announcing to all whom it may concern that the beautiful tax over which they preside as it were, is "blunting commercial morality," and blunting it to such purpose that they actually feel it incumbent upon themselves to "extend and develop" their "investigation" department.

This is a terrible thought, especially when you come to consider the enormous staffs to which the Inland Revenue Department already pays comfortable wages. Three income-tax officials to about every couple of tax-payers may or may not be the ideal they happen to be aiming at, but the circumstance remains that owing to our "blunted sense of commercial morality" the investigation or C.I.D. branch is being extended and developed, and if that doesn't involve an extension and development of salary lists and general charges, our name had better be "Walker."

HOWEVER, fraud is fraud, and fraud must be put down with a strong and lavish hand, otherwise the country will go straight to the bow-wows. According to Somerset House the income-tax frauds at present being perpetrated in our midst may be overstated at £5,000,000 per annum or understated at £10,000,000, which seems like a paradox, but indicates merely that S.H. has no means of ascertaining to a million or two how much the fraud bill amounts to. But of one thing S.H. is certain, namely, that "the total field open to fraud is only about £90,000,000." We venture to like that "only about."

To come down to brass tax, so to speak, it seems that this £90,000,000 form of commercial immorality "is not confined to any particular trade." "Those who make fraudulent returns," says S.H., "include the small shopkeeper, the well-to-do middle-man, and the wealthy merchant. They alone know exactly what the profit their respective businesses are returning and they can 'doctor' their books accordingly."

Nobody in his senses doubts that quite a considerable percentage of the income of His Majesty's lieges in Great Britain does as a fact escape taxation, but that the immunity is obtained by book "doctoring" or any other sort of deliberate deception seems to me open to question.

The average small shopkeeper's ideas of accountancy are of the haziest. Probably not more than one in fifty of them really "keeps" a set of books. And probably no more than one in a thousand of them would know how to start "doctoring," even if he wanted to. As for well-to-do middle-men and wealthy merchants—their books are usually kept for them by expert persons, and any faking of the accounts would create a relationship between employer and employee which might be exceedingly awkward for the former.

The fact of the matter is that excepting in its application to salaries and other incomes which can be taxed at the source our whole system of taxation according to income bristles with anomalies and defects. Against these conceivable losses through fraud the Inland Revenue authorities might very well set off their gains through over-assessment and over-payment, and if they are bursting to develop an investigation department, I can tell them on my own that there is plenty to investigate before coming to the question of "blunted commercial morality."

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE present ruler of the United States has been hailed by the British Press as "a strong, silent man." The reasons given being—(1) that he smashed the Boston police strike, and (2) that he doesn't babble in public. It would be far truer to say that he is a naturally stubborn man, who is usually silent because he can't make up his mind what to say.

It was not, as a matter of fact, solely due to him that the Boston police strike was dished. Several officials of note, from the Mayor downwards, urged him to take action. He did so largely because there was no alternative; and by the time the situation was well in hand, he had made up his mind. Then, indeed, he spoke out, stubbornly, with all the vigour of a man who has crossed the Rubicon, burnt his boats, and finds it easier to go forward than backward.

HIS forcefulness was that of one who realises that his back is to the wall and that he must fight or surrender. There was no way of escape, so he went straight into the melée, and much to his surprise won.

The White House, during his residence, will be rather a mournful place. He is a puritan, which in America just now spells prohibi-

President C. olidge

tionist, with little or no social charm. He rarely smiles, has absolutely no "small talk" (which, in a ruler, is a more valuable asset than large talk), and is utterly incapable of humour in any shape or form. People do not call on him to crack a joke or spin a yarn; they call on him to do business. And when business hours are over, he still talks shop!

HE looks upon the world and sees that it is bad. He can't exactly tell how it can be made good, but he is quite sure that wine-bibbing is at the bottom of a lot of its trouble. Having got that idea firmly established at the back of his brain, not even the Bible will unsettle it—though the best pro-drink propaganda in the world is to be found in sacred text.

At a regrettably early age Calvin Coolidge began to live up to his Christian (some call it un-Christian) name, for even at school he was known as "the saint." The late President Harding, who had nothing in common with his successor, nevertheless had perfect trust in him, and was once heard to say: "Coolidge is as straight as a die—and about as unattractive!" His honesty, I fear, is going to be the ruin of him. The folk who make and unmake rulers in the States are not enamoured of honest ones. They prefer to have pliable Presidents, men who won't get out of hand, men who like being told how to behave. And Coolidge is not such an one.

THOUGH he perfectly represents a certain class, he will ask far too many questions and take much too long to be convinced, ever to gain popularity with the big-bugs of the finance-world. He isn't blessed (or cursed) with a proper political temperament. I mean that he won't be able to cut his coat according to the cloth provided by the State purveyors.

And, unless he has the good fortune to quell another riot or make an effective international gesture I wouldn't back his chances in the election of 1924.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

The chasm wide he tried to stride.
And now he's sore perplexed;
It's such a plight, he doesn't quite
Know what he will do next.

It's no good sitting idle till
The worse comes to the worst;
It's hardly wise to shut our eyes
And leave the bomb to burst.

The "Mailed Fist" once we had to face
And even had to feel;
The Fist is gone, but in its place
We've got "The Iron Heel."

These little lads (two well-known Reds)
The coming waves defied,
And now the pair are stranded there
Surrounded by the tide.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Right Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P., National Union of Railwaymen.

SIR,—All honour to you in your efforts to effect an agreement between the N.U.R. and the craft Unions. While the dispute between the rival Unions is purely a domestic matter, these internal affairs have a strange way of flaring up and becoming national issues. The country at the present moment cannot face the possibility of being plunged into the chaos and folly of another railway strike, and your efforts to prevent such a calamity are being watched with close interest and appreciation. This business must be settled at the conference table, not by a strangle hold on the throat of the community. More power to your elbow. JOHN BULL.

To Brig.-Gen. SIR WILLIAM HORWOOD, K.C.B., D.S.O., Commissioner, Metropolitan Police.

SIR,—I am glad that the appalling increase in the number of street accidents due to dangerous driving has stirred you to action, and that you have issued instructions to your men to put down this evil by every means in their power. It is open to any reckless fool to get a car and, without passing any test of mental or technical fitness, to career about the streets like a Juggernaut. These pestilent road-hogs have got to be snuffed out, and if your men do their duty it will be a good thing for the public nerves.

JOHN BULL.

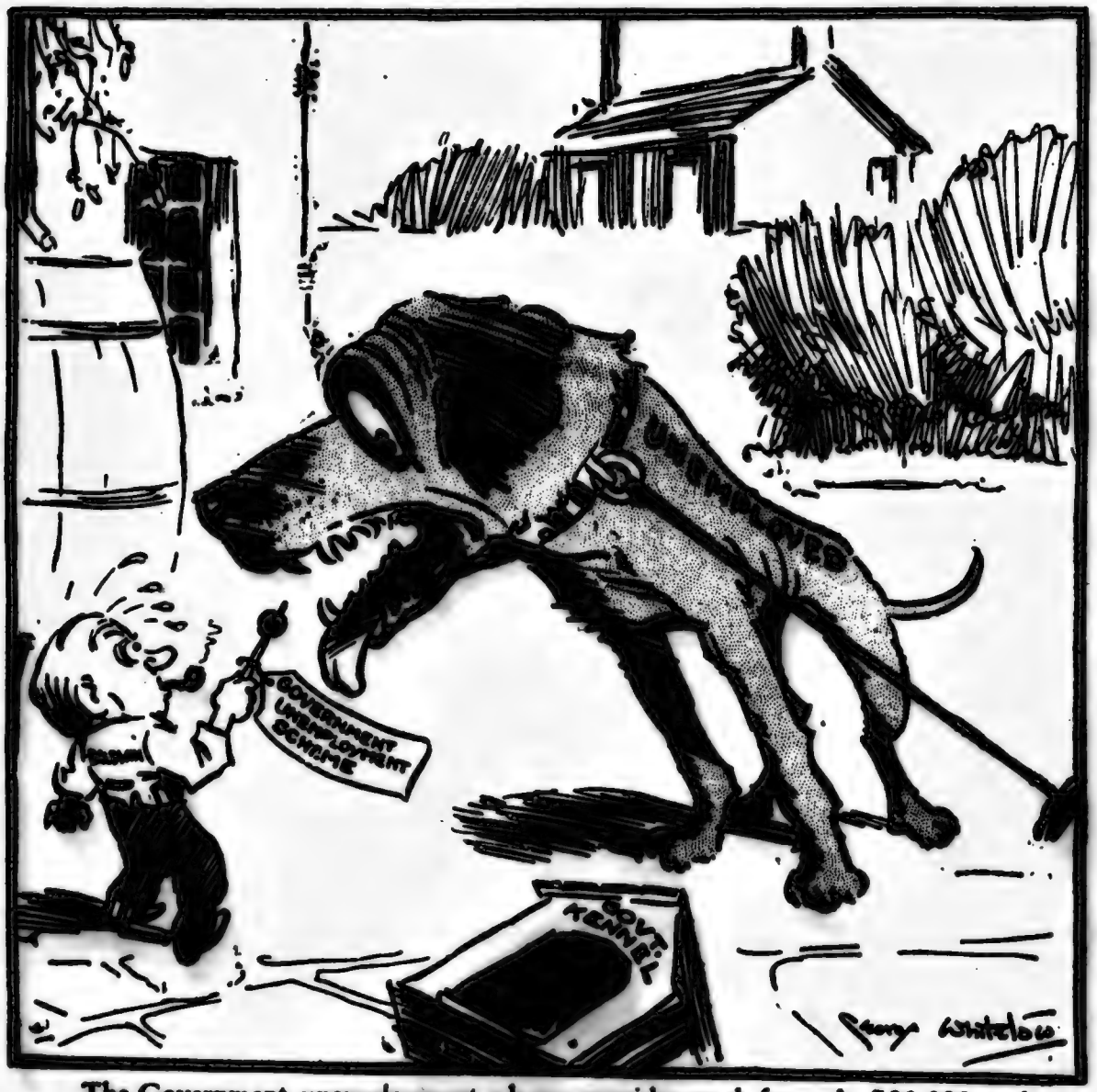
To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—When can we look to you for some action? It has been left to the Borough of Bermondsey to tackle the problem of slum clearance without any aid whatever from the Government. The notorious slum area of Salisbury Street, condemned as insanitary 30 years ago, is to be cleared away at a cost of £68,000, which will fall on the local ratepayers in the form of a 1½d. rate. Don't you realise that the whole country is waiting for you to do what Bermondsey has done for itself? Wake up, or get out! JOHN BULL.

To The Most Rev. RANDALL DAVIDSON, G.C.V.O., Archbishop of Canterbury.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—Bishops, you tell us, do not wear strings in their hats and gaiters on their legs because they think it is beautiful or comfortable, but because they see no reason to alter a custom which existed 150 years ago. Isn't this attitude rather suggestive of the Church's general outlook? Too many parsons think that the precepts and observances which were good enough in the eighteenth century ought to be good enough to-day. But our minds have evolved with our clothing. We want something in our church that is more alive and kicking. Keep your eighteenth-century breeches if you like, but give us twentieth-century ministration. JOHN BULL.

UNLUCKY DOG!



The Government unemployment scheme provides work for only 300,000 and leaves 1,100,000 without a job!

To the Rt. Hon. SIR JOHN BAIRD, M.P., First Commissioner of Works.

SIR,—Why did you wait until the day *after* Bank Holiday to open Cardinal Wolsey's Rooms at Hampton Court to the public? And why do you make the exorbitant charge of a shilling per adult and sixpence per child for the privilege of walking through them? Is it simply stupidity on the part of your officials or is your idea to keep out as many people as possible? JOHN BULL.

To LADY BRAY, Manor House, Shere, Surrey.

MADAM,—Your kindly action in inviting school children to a treat at your house is entirely spoiled by the stipulation that the little guests must have been vaccinated. It seems a pity to confound generosity with prejudice in this senseless way, and evidently it has escaped your comprehension that you are only making some kiddies suffer for the convictions of their parents. Is it too late to ask that you abolish this condition—which, after all, deals with a problem yet to be settled? JOHN BULL.

To WALTER EICKHOFF, Esq., J.P., Chairman, Metropolitan Asylums Board.

SIR,—It is monstrous that your Board should have declined to hold further inquiry into the case of little Marguerite May Bullock, whose death at the Downs Hospital, Banstead, brought to light serious charges against Doctor Alix Jeanne Churchill. Evidently you are not aware that the whole country is stirred over the shocking cruelty alleged to have been practised by this woman. For the sake of the nurses, the doctor and the institution, an inquiry MUST be held. It is your duty to the public. See that it is done.

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor DONALD CLARK, Tonbridge.

SIR,—Your unenviable faculty for smelling out licentiousness in unsuspected places has now been switched from the bathing beach on to the tennis court, and you have been fulminating at Folkestone about "audaciously low-cut jumpers and the lawless freedom of scanty skirts." Also you think that a girl attacking the ball forms a picture of immodesty. I am getting the slightest bit tired of you. If you really can't look on a bare neck or a shapely shin without stirring up all these muddy sentiments in your puritan and prurient mind, why not stay at home at Tonbridge and study the worms in your back garden? JOHN BULL.

To GRANVILLE BARKER, Esq., Garrick Club, W.C.

SIR,—Why not drop all this rubbish about a Shakespeare Memorial theatre? You are now starting to raise a fund of £750,000 for this purpose. Where you expect to get the money from I don't know, especially as, after years of collecting, only £10,000 has been forthcoming. To the average man, alive to the crying need of money for social purposes, the project is simply exasperating. William Shakespeare wants no memorial of stone and brick. He lives for ever in his work, and it would be far more to his fancy, I think, if you devoted your energies and your funds to the welfare of his brother actors. JOHN BULL.

To G. MOORE BELL, Esq., President, Social Democratic Federation.

SIR,—Anyone with the power of observation ought to know by this time that the defence of these islands is safe in the hands of the Royal Navy. Why then the pious resolution of your Federation in favour of conscription "for national defensive purposes alone"? We don't want peace-time conscription any more than we want any other form of slavery which Socialism would inflict upon us. What you are really after is the abolition of the Army, and the motives which underlie this desire are to any thinking man as plain as a pikestaff. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE Ruhr problem is the great question-mark of European politics. Are we drifting towards a definite rupture with France? Is there no possibility of united action? If the Entente Cordiale is doomed what are we to put in its place? At such a crisis it is worth a big effort to understand and appreciate the point of view of our erstwhile friend and ally.

The Ruhr Deadlock

The governing motive of French policy, now as for a century past, is fear of Germany—of a Germany restored and re-energised, admitted once again to the comity of nations as a first-class Power. In our view the policy of Great Britain should be to remove this fear.

When the Treaty of Versailles was signed there was a collateral undertaking on the part of Great Britain and the United States of America that in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany upon France at any future time the two English-speaking nations would support France.

Unhappily America declined to honour this pledge and our own Government felt unable to shoulder the responsibility alone. From the moment of this diplomatic breakdown France has played a lone hand, resolved at all costs to hold down her ancient enemy.

It is not so much reparations that France seeks as guarantees; the chief aim she sets before herself is security, and until British diplomacy recognises this it will beat the air.

Why should we not frankly ask France what practical contribution she will make towards the general recovery of Europe, in exchange for our pledged word to stand by her side should a restored Germany ever plan a war of revenge?

The mere existence of such a treaty would effectually rid the German mind of any such intention, while at the same time it would enable France to approach the problem of reparations in an entirely altered mood.

Along some such lines, we are convinced, British statesmanship must move, if an end to the present deadlock is to be found.

THE friends of the Prince of Wales, and in this category are included the whole British people, as well as countless members of other races, must have heaved a sigh of relief on learning that His Royal Highness had determined to take a rest. The extent to which the Prince was spending his strength in the service of the nation was causing grave anxiety in well-informed circles and prevalent rumours had sufficient basis in fact to make it imperative for him to take a genuine holiday.

Don't Kill the Prince

If ever a man paid for his popularity the Prince of Wales has done so; there have been times since he came to manhood's estate when his head must have lain uneasier than any which wore a crown. We have no right to exact such a merciless toll of service from the Heir Apparent.

It is not fair to the future Emperor of All the Britains that in the critical years of early manhood he should have to work like a galley-slave in a never-ceasing round of ceremonial, for no better reason than that the organisers of public functions, correctly interpreting the popular desire, will have no lesser personage to grace these occasions if they can have the Prince.

With great respect, and without the slightest fear that we shall be misunderstood, we suggest to the most popular young man in the United Kingdom that he should cultivate the gentle art of refusal. No one will think the less of him if in the interests of the Empire over which some day he will be called to rule he spares a thought or two for himself. His health is a priceless national possession—an Imperial asset of the highest value, not lightly to be imperilled.

It would be an impertinence of which the British people could never be guilty to allow the Prince no time for personal recreation, for study and reflection, for the pursuit of domestic happiness. The popularity of the Prince is not in danger; the love we have for him is far too firmly rooted in our hearts to be impaired by his occasional retirement from the fierce glare of publicity.

It would be a poor sort of patriot indeed whose loyalty could be shaken by the natural desire of the heir-apparent to escape the irksomeness of attendance at some of the deadly dull ceremonies where he is called upon to officiate.

Times there must surely be when the desire to "possess his soul in quietness" comes to him as to other men, and it is a poor gratitude for his sterling public services which would begrudge him the holiday rest which the humblest citizens have learned to look for and enjoy.

AS a rule it may be the part of wisdom to "suffer fools gladly" but certain types of folly are so mischievous as to call for protest. Especially is this the case when folly is allied to the deepest cravings of the human heart, and we are bound to record our conviction that the time has come when the vapourings of the so-called "spiritualists" should be severely curbed.

Spiritualist Nonsense

The latest rubbish of these modern necromancers is to claim that they are in communication with the none too saintly spirit of the late Oscar Wilde, who with some flavour of his old persiflage—pointing to the presence in the spiritualist camp of a clever parodist—tells them how bored he is with Heaven from whose portals, it would seem, his earthly infamies have not barred him out.

It is easy to dismiss this sort of thing as a bad joke, but the mischief of it is that there are thousands of people ready to take it seriously, with the most disastrous effects upon their nervous systems.

The asylums are full of the victims of this mania for communication with the dead, and in the aftermath of the war the shock of bereavement was in countless instances converted into a paralysing obsession through the frenzied effort to pierce the veil of the unseen.

That there are a certain number of honest seekers after truth in the spiritualist ranks we do not for a moment deny, but side by side with these are a host of charlatans who ought to be sharply brought to book. The Oscar Wilde "stunt" is a typical example of the transparent nonsense which is their principal stock-in-trade.

IT is a great misfortune that Mr. M'Kenna, perhaps the leading financier of our time, has felt bound to decline the Prime Minister's invitation to join his Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Still more deplorable are the reasons which are understood to have influenced his decision. It is as certain as anything can be that the chance of securing Mr. M'Kenna's brilliant talents at the Treasury has been ruthlessly sacrificed to stiff-necked party prejudice.

Mr. M'Kenna's Refusal

From the outset Mr. M'Kenna had made it plain that if he entered the Cabinet it would be not as a party-politican of either colour, but as an expert on finance with a single eye to the nation's economic welfare.

This announcement was received with enthusiasm throughout the country. But it was not good enough for the "Die-Hards" in the Ministerial ranks, who could not forget that years ago Mr. M'Kenna had held office in a Liberal Government. In the eyes of these backwoodsmen the eminent financier's "past" was irretrievable, and so every obstacle was placed in the way of his return to political life, despite the undeniable advantage which such a return would be to the Government.

It is easy enough to "wangle" seats for faithful party hacks of the most mediocre capabilities, but when it is a question of finding a constituency that will conceive itself honoured in having for its member the most distinguished financier of the day, a man of proved patriotism and lofty integrity, the Government Whips declare themselves baffled. It is a sad and sorry story, one of which all concerned should be heartily ashamed.

Once again the interests of the public have been sacrificed to that sterile party spirit which seeks the advantage of the few at the expense of the many. The loss of Mr. M'Kenna's services at this critical juncture is, we believe, a calamity which the Government will live to repent.

IT was a capital plan of the Duke of York's to gather together in a holiday camp a number of working boys and the elite of the public schools, trusting to the natural comradeship of youth to break down the class barrier, and weld the two elements into a harmonious whole. This annual institution is now well-established, and this year's camp, like its predecessors, has been a brilliant success.

True Democracy

Surely there is a moral here for our social philosophers. It is almost impossible, as Charles Lamb remarked, to hate a man you know, and in the daily intercourse of sport and sociability, the public school boys and their camp mates have found ample room for the warmest friendship and goodwill.

How splendid a thing it might be if some adaptation of the same method could be applied to politics and industry, if like these happy boys the warring sections of society could learn the value of friendship as the solvent of class distinction, if they would cultivate the team spirit, and resolve to "play the game."

M. Poincaré.

Why I Denounce the Daily Mail

by A. G. GARDINER

INTENSE interest has been created by Mr. Gardiner's scathing attacks on the Rothermere Press. He has felt that it is incumbent upon him to state in full his reasons for adopting this attitude. In giving his reasons he at the same time states with dexterous clarity the exact nature of Britain's interest in the Ruhr situation.

WHAT does the Ruhr mean to us? asks a correspondent. I will try to answer him briefly and simply. But, first, let me ask my readers to remember that opposition to M. Poincaré's policy does not imply indifference to reparation. It implies just the contrary. Mr. Bonar Law broke with M. Poincaré because he knew that the Ruhr invasion would end reparations. Mr. Baldwin opposes M. Poincaré for the same reason. He stands for reparations: M. Poincaré stands for the dissolution of Germany. If Germany ceases to exist as a State it is obvious that no money can be got out of her, any more than out of the now defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire.

The first point to grasp is that the Ruhr is the key to the domination of Europe. It is the greatest power-house on the Continent. Of the 190 million tons of coal which Germany annually got before the war, 120 millions were hewn in the Ruhr basin alone. The remainder was got in the Sarre basin (now practically in French hands) and Upper Silesia, now largely in the hands of Poland.

IN going into the Ruhr, M. Poincaré did not want reparations. He knew that he would stop the flow of reparations, and since he went we have not received a copper.

Since M. Poincaré did not go into the Ruhr for reparations, what was his object? It was two-fold—economic and political. It must be remembered that M. Poincaré is primarily a corporation lawyer. For twenty years he was the chief legal adviser of the great French iron, steel, coal and chemical trusts. It was the influence of the Trusts that put him into power. He is the champion of the Trusts to-day.

And the object of the Trust is to control not only the coal, iron and chemicals of France, but the coal, iron and chemicals of Central Europe. Then they will be the economic dictators of Europe. They will be able to exploit the Continent from Paris and divide the world, as they admit in their franker moments, with the United States. There will be only two great iron and steel Powers in the world—France and America. This country will be reduced to a side show, hammered between the millstones of the great monopolist Powers.

THAT is M. Poincaré's economic motive in the Ruhr. Bound up with it is the political motive, for which the possession of the Ruhr is equally necessary. That motive is the political dismemberment of Germany, the cutting of it up into fragments, a Rhineland state, a South German State, and so on. Now the power of the Ruhr is the keystone of the German arch. Take it away, and the calculation is that the arch will crumble to bits, and each bit would be under the separate control of France.

I do not ask whether this is morally right, for the world is too busy to talk morals. But what will be the effect on us of this reduction of Germany to a heap of fragments. Before the war our trade with Germany was the greatest item in our commerce. Not only that, the prosperity of Germany enabled it to buy its food and raw materials from Brazil, from Canada, from Australia and other countries overseas, which bought from us and kept our factories busy with the profits of their trade with Central Europe. That trade has gone, and if Germany is ground to bits it will be gone past recovery. That is one aspect of our interest in the Ruhr.

BUT let us advance a step further. M. Poincaré has resumed for France the role of military dictator of Europe—the role which drenched Europe with blood under Louis XIV. and again under Napoleon. We have disbanded our armies: he has armed his nation to the teeth. He is as supreme in Europe as Napoleon was on the morrow of Jena. He controls every great Continental armaments factory west of the Vistula.

In a word, he is master of Europe. We have made him master. And now he flaunts his power in our face so contemptuously that he does not even trouble to acknowledge—much less discuss—Mr. Baldwin's draft letter to Germany. No British Prime Minister has ever been subjected to such an insult as this in history. It is the measure of what M. Poincaré deems to be our helplessness.

That is the situation, and my correspondent wants to know how it affects us. It affects us in two ways. It threatens our security as it has never been threatened before by any Continental Power since the days of Philip II. of Spain. The whole history of this country in relation to the Continent has been the history of its refusal to sit down under the European despotism of any single ruler. *It will refuse now.*

THE task that M. Poincaré has set himself will fail as every attempt to establish a dictatorship over Europe has failed, whether under Louis, or Napoleon, or the Kaiser. He has succeeded astonishingly so far, because of the weakness of this country, and because of the dust thrown in our eyes by Poincaré's Press agent in England. But the awakening has come, and I predict that it will not be long before Lord Rothermere scents danger and the *Daily Mail* will not be screaming "Hats off to France," but will be threatening, not for the first time in its career, to "roll France in mud and blood." I ask you to remember this prediction.

In the second place the policy of which the Ruhr invasion is the spear-head, if carried through, will destroy the industrial existence of this country. Peace in Europe is our chief interest, for without peace trade cannot be restored. Poincaré's policy means chronic war. In that war he may succeed for a year, for a decade, for a generation. In the end the attempt will be smashed as Napoleonism was smashed and as Kaiserism was smashed. But in the interval Europe will be a seething cauldron and the industry of this country will perish as it is perishing to-day.

THAT is what the Ruhr means to us. This is why the British Government is submitting to unprecedented insult in its effort to check Poincaré's Napoleonism. This is why I denounce Rothermere and the *Daily Mail* as the most dangerous enemies this country and Europe have to-day.

Robbed

The spirit of discontent is upon us. It has ended the old-time element of Romance to the detriment of modern Youth.

IT is all very well for middle-aged fogeys to declare, like jaundiced modern Solomons, that all is vanity, that when we pass the meridian of life the years are a panorama of disillusionment, and that things are perpetually out of joint and there is nobody to put them right.

But still we can look back to our rosy youth, when we were flushed with hope and ideals, when we were going to do great and happy deeds and all the world was our oyster. I have, however, been wondering not a little lately whether the young men and women of to-day, breasting the first waves of life's struggle, have the same joyous zest that many of us had, say, thirty years ago!

The other evening, much worried over the hugger-mugger of affairs—international squabbling and the perpetual snarling over work and wages—I mounted to the roof of an omnibus. In front of me were two young women, radiantly good humoured, chatting about their new dresses and the young fellows at the office and where they were going for their holidays. The future seemed a picture book of romance to them. First I envied them and then I was glad I would be well out of the way when the troubles awaiting the next generation would have to be confronted.

That 'bus-top picture, whilst not rare, was not typical of the attitude of what we call the rising generation toward life. There is now a sombre note which was not dominant when those of us of older years were yet young.

Girls used to trip gaily toward womanhood with pleasing thoughts that soon Mr. Right would come along and then they would have the exquisite joy of being mistress in a happy home of their own. But most young women nowadays, when they look into the future, realise that perhaps Mr. Right will not come along and a little icyness touches the blood as they understand that maybe they must plod through the years, toiling and moiling, growing old, getting less attractive, and less competent, to be ultimately pushed aside as derelict.

Lads went to work proud of what they intended to accomplish and with never a doubt that all in the garden was lovely. I have noticed, however, that lads of to-day are nervous. The spirit of adventure is not with them. They are more anxious to get sure and safe jobs, even with is-

Sliding to Civil War!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

"THE solid middle classes of England, finding themselves so fiercely denounced by the Communist, are themselves cultivating class hatred . . . . . Their hottest heads are spoiling for a fight." Thus does this article point out the grave danger in our midst to-day, the danger to which we are prone to shut our eyes, though the facts cannot be refuted.

Mr. J. T. W. Newbold, M.P.

MORE serious than the value of the Mark, it seems to me, is our own domestic situation here in Great Britain. We are becoming a house sharply and definitely divided against itself. We are cultivating the most homicidal of all social lunacies—class hatred.

How has this evil spirit come to birth? It is a new thing in British history. It is not natural to British nature. All our liberties were won without its aid. There has never been one reformer in the long chronicle of our race who thought to advance the wealth, happiness and freedom of the people by setting class against class.

But men now talk quite openly of the "Class War." It is a thing bound to happen—like the World War. We are to do nothing. We are to stand still while these militarists of politics cover our faces with blood and pull the roof of the British Commonwealth about our heads. God and human experience tell us that the way of progress is the way of love; these men, blind with passion and maddened by their own conceit, shout that the way of progress is the way of hate. Do you believe them?

THE new spirit has been introduced by the virulent Communist. He has decided in that frenzied organ which he calls his brain that to shoot kings, assassinate statesmen, and destroy religion does not compel the millennium to come in. A new idea has occurred to him. The entire centre of the nation is to be smashed into powder. There is to be no more middle-class. See how his brain works. Wealth is to be increased by destroying its only organisers; knowledge advanced by rooting out its chief apostles; stability insured by annihilating its historic guardians.

In order to infuriate his hearers the Communist speaks of the middle-class as the *bourgeoisie*. He takes his wages from Russia, his epithets from France. But he is a Radical who never goes to the root of anything. A *bourgeois* means simply a "citizen," and the word has its origin at the same source which gives us our honourable word "burgess." Anyone with the least smattering of history should know that not only the material wealth of these islands but their moral glory comes chiefly from the middle-classes.

MILTON'S father was a law stationer, Drake's a yeoman, Johnson's a bookseller, Wren's a parson, Purcell's a music teacher, Reynolds' a schoolmaster, James Watts' a town councillor, Wilberforce's a merchant, Isaac Newton's a farmer, Darwin's a doctor.

But see what comes of calling people silly names. The solid middle-classes of England, finding themselves so fiercely denounced by the Communist, and their country so violently threatened, are themselves cultivating class hatred. The thing spreads. The best of them are still at the head of those silent armies of mercy and healing, of guidance and teaching, which minister to the working-classes; the noblest are still to be found spending themselves in the service of the poor and lowly; but the main body, I fear, is hardening its heart against Labour, while their hottest heads are spoiling for a fight which will end this disastrous tension of armed hostility.

The Communist speaks of the *bourgeoisie* as if they were all equally rich, equally wicked. He would have his dupes believe that the middle-classes are all capitalists. The truth is, of course, that the vast multitudes of the middle-classes are poor, and in these days dreadfully poor. Of all classes in the community these are hardest hit by the War, and these are most neglected by the State. Parliament does nothing for them.

The true foe of the Communist is not "the abdominous man" lounging in a Rolls-Royce motor-car, but the thin and grey-faced clerk squeezed into a motor-'bus, who, for all the grinding poverty in his little villa home, and for all his anxiety about his children and his old age, yet loves this country with a fathomless loyalty, and would fight like a Guardsman to protect it from Asiatic nihilism or a mongrel mediocrity.

UNDERGRADUATES of our Universities, medical students, science students, art students, cadets at Osborne, Woolwich and Sandhurst, clerks, shop-assistants, civil servants and young officers of our merchant marine, do not represent the power of wealth, but, in an overwhelming proportion, represent the love and self-sacrifice of struggling parents who have taught them, mainly by their own beautiful lives, to love England—her great name, her matchless literature, her heroic men her streams and meadows and rolling downs—more, far more, than themselves.

Among these young people the feeling grows that Labour is selfish, that it is ready to take base advantage of any emergency in the national fortunes, that it has pawned the clean linen of its self-respect, and even the fibres of its old honourable self-reliance, to the parasitical agitator and the idol of State Aid. Such incidents as the great strike during the War, pit ponies left to die in the mines, and collieries flooded into insensate ruin, have made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of these quiet people.

So we find the nation, for the first time in its history, sharply divided against itself, with hate active in either camp. And this means a Mussolini stroke, or protracted civil war. On the one side the cry is, "Down with the *bourgeoisie!*" On the other, "Down with the traitors!"

THERE is only one way out. Always a minority has saved this great nation in times of crisis, a minority drawn from every class in the State, and one that has cared more for righteousness and justice than its own material interests. Among the workers and the middle-class such a minority can be formed at this time. It must become active; it must become passionate.

It must declare war on class hatred wherever found; it must denounce class hatred as a sin against God and a crime against the State, and it must work with all its strength for sympathy, understanding, and co-operation.

# of Romance

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

different pay, than to take their fortunes in their hands and boldly face the world. They have a consciousness, which their fathers never had, of trials and responsibilities, and, whilst glad to have a good time, shirk the worries which they learn often accompany the married state.

At the very time when romance should be glowing like a summer flower young people are brought up rudely against the cruel facts of life. There is nobody to blame; but the grind of circumstance has removed much of the personal relationship which used to exist between employers and employed. Rightly or wrongly there grows the impression that a man is but a pawn in the great game, liable to be tossed aside at dramatically short notice. A man knows of the periodic long stretches of unemployment and perhaps he is aware that even if to-day Britain was working at its full industrial capacity there would still be a quarter of a million of men with no work to be given them.

In some districts, no doubt, young couples can find suitable houses. But that is not the customary story. Let us ascribe the cause to what we will, one of the most damning features of to-day is not only the shortage of houses but the miserable hovels which so often pass by the name of houses in many of our industrial areas.

The new generation is not facing the years with the blithe confidence of their fathers and mothers when they set forth on the journey. It may be that with increased education there has come the knowledge which produces hesitation and fear. The nerves of the world were badly shaken by the War and the tremor of unrest is still with us. But I think the chief cause of the disappearance of romance is that young men and women are profoundly discontented with their lot. Discontent is a wholesome quality if it acts as a spur to enterprise. Part of to-day's trouble, however, is that the necessities of civilisation have increased and envy of others sometimes takes the place of clear thinking succeeded by strenuous endeavour.

We must try to recover romance for our youth. It is gay young manhood and womanhood which make life worth living. Happiness is more essential to Britain than the conquest of territory.

M. Poincaré.

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IN going into the Ruhr, M. Poincaré did not want reparations. He knew that he would stop the flow of reparations, and since he went we have not received a copper.

Since M. Poincaré did not go into the Ruhr for reparations, what was his object? It was two-fold—economic and political. It must be remembered that M. Poincaré is primarily a corporation lawyer. For twenty years he was the chief legal adviser of the great French iron, steel, coal and chemical trusts. It was the influence of the Trusts that put him into power. He is the champion of the Trusts to-day.

And the object of the Trust is to control not only the coal, iron and chemicals of France, but the coal, iron and chemicals of Central Europe. Then they will be the economic dictators of Europe. They will be able to exploit the Continent from Paris and divide the world, as they admit in their franker moments, with the United States. There will be only two great iron and steel Powers in the world—France and America. This country will be reduced to a side show, hammered between the millstones of the great monopolist Powers.

THAT is M. Poincaré's economic motive in the Ruhr. Bound up with it is the political motive, for which the possession of the Ruhr is equally necessary. That motive is the political dismemberment of Germany, the cutting of it up into fragments, a Rhineland state, a South German State, and so on. Now the power of the Ruhr is the keystone of the German arch. Take it away, and the calculation is that the arch will crumble to bits, and each bit would be under the separate control of France.

I do not ask whether this is morally right, for the world is too busy to talk morals. But what will be the effect on us of this reduction of Germany to a heap of fragments. Before the war our trade with Germany was the greatest item in our commerce. Not only that, the prosperity of Germany enabled it to buy its food and raw materials from Brazil, from Canada, from Australia and other countries overseas, which bought from us and kept our factories busy with the profits of their trade with Central Europe. That trade has gone, and if Germany is ground to bits it will be gone past recovery. That is one aspect of our interest in the Ruhr.

BUT let us advance a step further. M. Poincaré has resumed for France the role of military dictator of Europe—the role which drenched Europe with blood under Louis XIV. and again under Napoleon. We have disbanded our armies: he has armed his nation to the teeth. He is as supreme in Europe as Napoleon was on the morrow of Jena. He controls every great Continental armaments factory west of the Vistula.

In a word, he is master of Europe. We have made him master. And now he flaunts his power in our face so contemptuously that he does not even trouble to acknowledge—much less discuss—Mr. Baldwin's draft letter to Germany. No British Prime Minister has ever been subjected to such an insult as this in history. It is the measure of what M. Poincaré deems to be our helplessness.

That is the situation, and my correspondent wants to know how it affects us. It affects us in two ways. It threatens our security as it has never been threatened before by any Continental Power since the days of Philip II. of Spain. The whole history of this country in relation to the Continent has been the history of its refusal to sit down under the European despotism of any single ruler. *It will refuse now.*

THE task that M. Poincaré has set himself will fail as every attempt to establish a dictatorship over Europe has failed, whether under Louis, or Napoleon, or the Kaiser. He has succeeded astonishingly so far, because of the weakness of this country, and because of the dust thrown in our eyes by Poincaré's Press agent in England. But the awakening has come, and I predict that it will not be long before Lord Rothermere scents danger and the *Daily Mail* will not be screaming "Hats off to France," but will be threatening, not for the first time in its career, to "roll France in mud and blood." I ask you to remember this prediction.

In the second place the policy of which the Ruhr invasion is the spear-head, if carried through, will destroy the industrial existence of this country. Peace in Europe is our chief interest, for without peace trade cannot be restored. Poincaré's policy means chronic war. In that war he may succeed for a year, for a decade, for a generation. In the end the attempt will be smashed as Napoleonism was smashed and as Kaiserism was smashed. But in the interval Europe will be a seething cauldron and the industry of this country will perish as it is perishing to-day.

THAT is what the Ruhr means to us. This is why the British Government is submitting to unprecedented insult in its effort to check Poincaré's Napoleonism. This is why I denounce Rothermere and the *Daily Mail* as the most dangerous enemies this country and Europe have to-day.

Robbed

The spirit of discontent is upon us. It has ended the old-time element of Romance to the detriment of modern Youth.

IT is all very well for middle-aged fogeys to declare, like jaundiced modern Solomons, that all is vanity, that when we pass the meridian of life the years are a panorama of disillusionment, and that things are perpetually out of joint and there is nobody to put them right.

But still we can look back to our rosy youth, when we were flushed with hope and ideals, when we were going to do great and happy deeds and all the world was our oyster. I have, however, been wondering not a little lately whether the young men and women of to-day, breasting the first waves of life's struggle, have the same joyous zest that many of us had, say, thirty years ago!

The other evening, much worried over the hugger-mugger of affairs—international squabbling and the perpetual snarling over work and wages—I mounted to the roof of an omnibus. In front of me were two young women, radiantly good humoured, chatting about their new dresses and the young fellows at the office and where they were going for their holidays. The future seemed a picture book of romance to them. First I envied them and then I was glad I would be well out of the way when the troubles awaiting the next generation would have to be confronted.

That 'bus-top picture, whilst not rare, was not typical of the attitude of what we call the rising generation toward life. There is now a sombre note which was not dominant when those of us of older years were yet young.

Girls used to trip gaily toward womanhood with pleasing thoughts that soon Mr. Right would come along and then they would have the exquisite joy of being mistress in a happy home of their own. But most young women nowadays, when they look into the future, realise that perhaps Mr. Right will not come along and a little icyness touches the blood as they understand that maybe they must plod through the years, toiling and moiling, growing old, getting less attractive, and less competent, to be ultimately pushed aside as derelict.

Lads went to work proud of what they intended to accomplish and with never a doubt that all in the garden was lovely. I have noticed, however, that lads of to-day are nervous. The spirit of adventure is not with them. They are more anxious to get sure and safe jobs, even with in-

Sliding to Civil War!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

"THE solid middle classes of England, finding themselves so fiercely denounced by the Communist, are themselves cultivating class hatred . . . . . Their hottest heads are spoiling for a fight." Thus does this article point out the grave danger in our midst to-day, the danger to which we are prone to shut our eyes, though the facts cannot be refuted.

Mr. J. T. W. Newbold, M.P.

MORE serious than the value of the Mark, it seems to me, is our own domestic situation here in Great Britain. We are becoming a house sharply and definitely divided against itself. We are cultivating the most homicidal of all social lunacies—class hatred.

How has this evil spirit come to birth? It is a new thing in British history. It is not natural to British nature. All our liberties were won without its aid. There has never been one reformer in the long chronicle of our race who thought to advance the wealth, happiness and freedom of the people by setting class against class.

But men now talk quite openly of the "Class War." It is a thing bound to happen—like the World War. We are to do nothing. We are to stand still while these militarists of politics cover our faces with blood and pull the roof of the British Commonwealth about our heads. God and human experience tell us that the way of progress is the way of love; these men, blind with passion and maddened by their own conceit, shout that the way of progress is the way of hate. Do you believe them?

THE new spirit has been introduced by the virulent Communist. He has decided in that frenzied organ which he calls his brain that to shoot kings, assassinate statesmen, and destroy religion does not compel the millennium to come in. A new idea has occurred to him. The entire centre of the nation is to be smashed into powder. There is to be no more middle-class. See how his brain works. Wealth is to be increased by destroying its only organisers; knowledge advanced by rooting out its chief apostles; stability insured by annihilating its historic guardians.

In order to infuriate his hearers the Communist speaks of the middle-class as the *bourgeoisie*. He takes his wages from Russia, his epithets from France. But he is a Radical who never goes to the root of anything. A *bourgeois* means simply a "citizen," and the word has its origin at the same source which gives us our honourable word "burgess." Anyone with the least smattering of history should know that not only the material wealth of these islands but their moral glory comes chiefly from the middle-classes.

MILTON'S father was a law stationer, Drake's a yeoman, Johnson's a bookseller, Wren's a parson, Purcell's a music teacher, Reynolds' a schoolmaster, James Watts' a town councillor, Wilberforce's a merchant, Isaac Newton's a farmer, Darwin's a doctor.

But see what comes of calling people silly names. The solid middle-classes of England, finding themselves so fiercely denounced by the Communist, and their country so violently threatened, are themselves cultivating class hatred. The thing spreads. The best of them are still at the head of those silent armies of mercy and healing, of guidance and teaching, which minister to the working-classes; the noblest are still to be found spending themselves in the service of the poor and lowly; but the main body, I fear, is hardening its heart against Labour, while their hottest heads are spoiling for a fight which will end this disastrous tension of armed hostility.

The Communist speaks of the *bourgeoisie* as if they were all equally rich, equally wicked. He would have his dupes believe that the middle-classes are all capitalists. The truth is, of course, that the vast multitudes of the middle-classes are poor, and in these days dreadfully poor. Of all classes in the community these are hardest hit by the War, and these are most neglected by the State. Parliament does nothing for them.

The true foe of the Communist is not "the abdominous man" lounging in a Rolls-Royce motor-car, but the thin and grey-faced clerk squeezed into a motor-'bus, who, for all the grinding poverty in his little villa home, and for all his anxiety about his children and his old age, yet loves this country with a fathomless loyalty, and would fight like a Guardsman to protect it from Asiatic nihilism or a mongrel mediocrity.

UNDERGRADUATES of our Universities, medical students, science students, art students, cadets at Osborne, Woolwich and Sandhurst, clerks, shop-assistants, civil servants and young officers of our merchant marine, do not represent the power of wealth, but, in an overwhelming proportion, represent the love and self-sacrifice of struggling parents who have taught them, mainly by their own beautiful lives, to love England—her great name, her matchless literature, her heroic men her streams and meadows and rolling downs—more, far more, than themselves.

Among these young people the feeling grows that Labour is selfish, that it is ready to take base advantage of any emergency in the national fortunes, that it has pawned the clean linen of its self-respect, and even the fibres of its old honourable self-reliance, to the parasitical agitator and the idol of State Aid. Such incidents as the great strike during the War, pit ponies left to die in the mines, and collieries flooded into insensate ruin, have made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of these quiet people.

So we find the nation, for the first time in its history, sharply divided against itself, with hate active in either camp. And this means a Mussolini stroke, or protracted civil war. On the one side the cry is, "Down with the *bourgeoisie!*" On the other, "Down with the traitors!"

THERE is only one way out. Always a minority has saved this great nation in times of crisis, a minority drawn from every class in the State, and one that has cared more for righteousness and justice than its own material interests. Among the workers and the middle-class such a minority can be formed at this time. It must become active; it must become passionate.

It must declare war on class hatred wherever found; it must denounce class hatred as a sin against God and a crime against the State, and it must work with all its strength for sympathy, understanding, and co-operation.

# of Romance

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

different pay, than to take their fortunes in their hands and boldly face the world. They have a consciousness, which their fathers never had, of trials and responsibilities, and, whilst glad to have a good time, shirk the worries which they learn often accompany the married state.

At the very time when romance should be glowing like a summer flower young people are brought up rudely against the cruel facts of life. There is nobody to blame; but the grind of circumstance has removed much of the personal relationship which used to exist between employers and employed. Rightly or wrongly there grows the impression that a man is but a pawn in the great game, liable to be tossed aside at dramatically short notice. A man knows of the periodic long stretches of unemployment and perhaps he is aware that even if to-day Britain was working at its full industrial capacity there would still be a quarter of a million of men with no work to be given them.

In some districts, no doubt, young couples can find suitable houses. But that is not the customary story. Let us ascribe the cause to what we will, one of the most damning features of to-day is not only the shortage of houses but the miserable hovels which so often pass by the name of houses in many of our industrial areas.

The new generation is not facing the years with the blithe confidence of their fathers and mothers when they set forth on the journey. It may be that with increased education there has come the knowledge which produces hesitation and fear. The nerves of the world were badly shaken by the War and the tremor of unrest is still with us. But I think the chief cause of the disappearance of romance is that young men and women are profoundly discontented with their lot. Discontent is a wholesome quality if it acts as a spur to enterprise. Part of to-day's trouble, however, is that the necessities of civilisation have increased and envy of others sometimes takes the place of clear thinking succeeded by strenuous endeavour.

We must try to recover romance for our youth. It is gay young manhood and womanhood which make life worth living. Happiness is more essential to Britain than the conquest of territory.

Lord Lascelles Cheated

JUST how much crooked business goes on in racing circles is clearly shown in this article, the writer of which made it a practice for years to administer drugs to his horses. We publish the facts in order that they may serve as a timely warning to the public.

By WM. K. SMITH—The Well-known Owner.

AT the July Sales in 1922, the horse, Sangot, was bought by Lord Lascelles for 2,600 guineas. Exactly a year later, Lord Lascelles got rid of the same horse for 230 guineas.

Behind this bald statement of an apparently innocent transaction lies the story of the doping of Sangot to such an extent that the horse was useless without it! And that is why Lord Lascelles was glad to see the last of an animal which had gained him no victories, but which, under another's ownership, had beaten the King's horse, Picardy!

As the once-owner and doper of Sangot, I can tell the story.

Sangot was a horse I had varying luck with. We had tried him out first in July, 1920, and fancied him as a real good thing, well worth keeping in hand for a Nursery race. But it almost seemed as if our plans would come undone.

. . .

AT the Newby Nursery at Pontefract in September the horse was to go out tow in. I had my money on him at starting price, and the animal had arrived in the paddock, when I began hearing of the "dead certainty," Sangot. Now, I had 22,500 on my horse that day, and I wanted some good return for my money. Imagine my chagrin when I discovered that almost everybody else knew the horse was to win, and the price kept coming down and down. In the end I decided not to run Sangot, and sent him home.

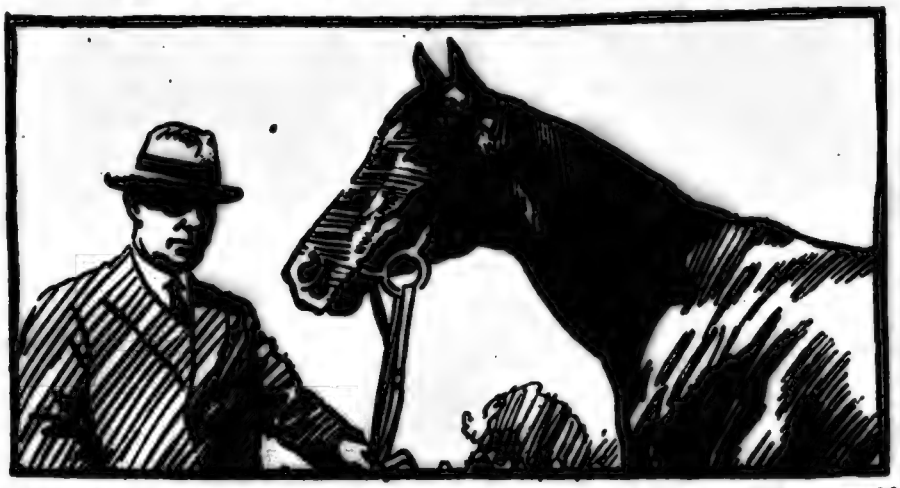
Again, at Wolverhampton in October, when we meant Sangot to win, and when I had another £2,500 on him at starting price, we found at the last moment that the horse had a large abscess on his jaw. Again the result was that he did not run.

Bad luck seemed to be following me, and the season was drawing to a close. At Leicester a month later, however, the luck turned. In the Oadby Nursery, Sangot won by a neck from Syndicalism filly, but while I was delighted at the success, the closeness of the race gave me a big fright, and I made up my mind that nothing would be so near again if I could help it.

. . .

MY chance came at Warwick in November. It is impossible to forget that day. A thick fog rolled over the course, and only two races were run. Here I succeeded in raising the price on Sangot from 3 to 1 to 6 to 1. It was easily done, too.

I saddled early and then had a walk in the ring, where I heard a gentleman from Birmingham trying to back Sangot at fives. Nobody would lay more than 9 to 2 at this time, however, and the would-be backer would not take that price. As he was walking away I tapped him on the shoulder and offered him 500 to 100, which, of course, he accepted.



The thing was done quite openly in front of everybody, and I went back to the paddock to see the horse out. Then just what I had expected happened. The man from Birmingham came after me.

"I want to cancel the bet," he said.

Of course I wanted the bet cancelled an awful lot more than he did! But I did not show my anxiety.

"I didn't know the horse was yours," he continued. "You can be pretty sure of a bet made against your own horse, you know!"

I laughed at that, and finally let him off.

. . .

WHEN I got back to the ring I heard at once that Sangot wasn't to try! Sangot's owner had been seen betting against his own horse! By this time the betting stood at sixes against Sangot, and I got some friends to get around and have some good bets.

For Sangot was certainly going to win. I did not take any chances this time. Sangot was doped—but not with the needle. *Twenty-three minutes before the horse went to the post I stood at his head and gave him an apple. In the apple was powdered cocaine.*

The horse positively liked it. As I looked into his eyes, he seemed to be saying, "All right, old boy, this will make me go all out!" He did, too, and romped home an easy winner.

About a year later, in November 1921, Sangot went on to Birmingham, and with a race that was just his distance, and with Frank Bullock up, I did not see how the horse could be beaten. So confident was I that I backed the horse to the tune of £2,000, and I reckoned that with the help of Mr. Dope, I was a sure winner.

Alas for plans! I was with Sangot some time before the race, but I could not get him absolutely on my own to give him the needle. It should be borne in mind that not another soul in the world knew I was doping my horses. Even my trainer had no knowledge of it, but this time I thought he was a little suspicious, and he hung around. In the end I was forced to give Sangot the apple treatment, and I hoped that would prove sufficient.

What a race that was! There are some people to-day who still believe my horse won. After a gruelling course, Sangot and George Drake swept past the winning post neck and neck, but the latter got the verdict.

When Bullock came into the paddock after the race he looked pleased with himself.

"Did it all right, eh?" he said cheerily.

I stared at him in amazement.

"Look at the number board," I answered.

He turned round. I still remember poor Bullock's look of surprise and dismay.

"Well, I'll be—" he began, then words failed him.

Sangot's jockey thought he had won!

That was a bitter blow to me, but a fortnight later I made another big effort to retrieve my losses. In the Chatsworth Handicap, Derby, I thought Sangot was a good thing, and indeed he was favourite in this race out of sixteen runners. Again I risked a huge sum of money, but I fully intended here that he should have the needle.

But I simply could not get the horse to myself. If others had been in the secret of my doping, things might have been considerably easier. I had conducted things on my own throughout, and still meant to do it if I could. Sangot did not get the syringe that day. I was forced to give him the cocaine in the apple again, a method which was sadly against my idea of doing things. I had no alternative, however.

. . .

IT was a thrilling race, ding-dong all the time. One of those races when your heart beats at twice its usual rate—especially when you have £2,000 at stake. I thought Sangot was going to do the trick this time, but he was beaten by a neck by Strathleven.

Absolutely sick of the game, I determined then to sell my horses at once. Sangot was sold to my son, Rowland Smith, but was not to be delivered until December 1. In a half-hearted way I entered him for the Vyner Welter Handicap at Hurst Park on 19th November.

I came to the conclusion that, having had dope twice in so short a time, Sangot would not be much good, so I put only a little money on him, but did not even go to the race—I was so disgusted. I asked a lady, however, to give my horse an apple (into which I had put the powdered cocaine) just before the race, and she did so. On his previous showing I did not expect much from Sangot. You can understand how I felt when I saw the result:

SANGOT	1
PICARDY	2
ITALY	3

Out of 23 runners the animal had romped home, the King's horse, Picardy, coming second. And to make matters worse, the betting was 100 to 8 against Sangot. If only I had had £2,000 on then!

. . .

SANGOT'S new owner, who, by the way, had never the slightest idea that the animal had been doped (and who will read this with considerable surprise), then entered the horse for the Lincoln Handicap. Sangot made a wretched show, and I advised my son to get rid of him—as, of course, I knew that he had been overdoped.

At first he was reluctant to do this.

"Why, the horse has done some pretty good things," he said to me in surprise. "There's no reason why he shouldn't do more, is there?"

"No, no," I said hastily, for I still wanted to keep the truth from him, although I thought it better for him to get rid of an overdoped horse. "But there's something about Sangot——"

"How d'you mean?" he asked.

"Well," I explained weakly. "You must admit he's been erratic. Never once have I been able to depend on his running. True, the horse has won for me and made money for me, but look at the number of times he's also let me down."

We had quite an argument over the matter, but in the end, much to my relief, my son agreed to follow my advice—although it was with obvious reluctance.

The result was that Sangot—on whom had often rested my hopes and fears—was sold at the July Sales in 1922. The purchaser was Lord Lascelles, and the price, as I have mentioned, was 2,600 guineas.

I have no doubt his lordship thought he was getting quite a good horse. Sangot's record certainly justified such a belief. I wonder what Lord Lascelles would have said had he known.

But he soon found out—or at least discovered the horse's uselessness without dope. Sangot has won nothing since.

He was sold this year again for the sum of 230 guineas!

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Wife or Career?

"AN ex-Service man, with one arm, I started a small business three years ago, after being heartbroken with the tedious and monotonous failure to get employment.

"I borrowed the money to start it. I slaved night and day to build it up. My wife, a gentle, delicate creature, whose only thought in life is to help me, toiled side by side with me.

"The first year I lost money. The second I turned the corner and made fifty pounds—the exact amount I had borrowed. I paid it back.

"The third year I made a hundred pounds. If I put that money back into the business, spend it in advertising and literature, I believe I can swim straight into prosperity—and become a substantial and successful man of business.

"Now I come to my trouble. My darling wife has developed symptoms of tubercular trouble. If I send her to Switzerland this year it may save her trouble in the future, but it will cost a lot of money.

"Am I justified in taking out of the business the money that will make it a glowing success and provide for my family? Or should I take the risk with my wife's health to ensure the future? I shall be able to look after her better in a year or two."

"Humanist" says: *There is only one answer; you must save your wife. If any risk must be taken let it be the risk of your commercial career. You can start again, if need be. You cannot bring back a precious life if you let it slip away. There are more things in life than ledger profits and bank balances.*

Privilege of a Son

"AFTER my marriage, owing to the housing shortage, I was obliged to live with my mother, my husband being at the time in the Merchant Service. We lived fairly comfortably until my husband gave up the sea and came to live at home with me.

"My mother dislikes him intensely, and words cannot describe the way in which she behaved towards him, and nine months ago we were fortunate enough to get a home near my husband's work in Tilbury.

"Down here we have been gloriously happy and contented.

"Now my mother writes that my brother (her sole support) is getting married and cannot afford to support her any longer; he must 'cut' her allowance considerably. She suggests that it is my duty, as I am not able to allow her anything, to give her a home so as to enable her to live on the very small amount allowed by my brother. If I do as she suggests the peace of our home will be destroyed absolutely and there will be the whole business over again.

"My husband is a good husband and a splendid father, and he simply dreads the idea of going back to the awful scenes. On the other hand, my brother wants to marry, and I do not wish to prevent him from doing so. What ought I to do? Give her a home and live as we have been living for so long, or refuse to have her and so make it impossible for my brother to marry?"

"Humanist" says: *It is your brother's problem rather than yours. He cannot ask another man, who is now supporting one of the family, to support his mother, especially a man his mother hates. Try and forgive your mother, and help her with a small allowance. It is worth an effort to pay a small contribution to ensure the happiness you now rightly enjoy.*

The Amende Honorable

"MY husband, employed by a great industrial firm of shipbuilders, was dismissed four years ago for 'dishonesty.' It nearly broke his heart. We sold up our home and came out to New Zealand.

"Since then we have worked hard to make good. My husband has recovered his spirits and his nerve. He has a good position in the railway service and is highly esteemed. Our eldest boy has married out here.

"I am happy enough, but my heart is at home in England. Now his old firm has written to say that one of their trusted employees has gone wrong, has been convicted for theft, and has confessed the crime for which my dear hubby was punished. The firm offers to pay his passage and that of his family home—and give him a better position than he lost. Should I urge him to go?"

"Humanist" says:—*Lucky woman. What a pleasure it must be to you and yours to have this black cloud removed. I congratulate you, and him, and the firm. As to coming home, leave it to him to decide—isn't it the husband's job rather than the wife's?*

Nationality and Marriage

"EARLY this year I married an American journalist, in Boston, U.S.A., who has been sent by his paper to the Far East. He says that he cannot afford to send me any money, and I am stranded.

"Now I learn that he has taken another woman away with him. I have lost my nationality—British—by marrying an American citizen. I have not acquired American nationality, because I do not—and cannot afford to—live in the United States.

"I have read of a similar case to mine, but I cannot get any lawyer to take proceedings for me—owing to the fear of losing the case and the money spent on it."

"Humanist" says:—*Change your lawyers. A husband's legal duty to support his wife is independent of nationality. But the better course is to write to the Editor of your husband's newspaper. It is a highly reputable concern, and will see justice done to you.*

A Foolish Woman

"FOR many years I have been working as a private secretary for my employer, a dental specialist. I never get any wages. I was simply told to take what I wanted out of the till, as I looked after the money and kept the accounts and ran the household.

"After years of struggle, spending every cent earned, moving into Harley Street, and never quite free from debt, we turned the corner.

"My employer, crossing to France to see a wealthy patient, met with a motor accident. To-day he is paralysed, unable to work, finished.

"There is just enough to pay his debts—and nothing for me or for him. His wife, who is rich, left him long ago and is in Australia. His brother made a fortune, but my employer is too proud to ask for help."

"Humanist" says:—*You are a foolish woman. You have gambled on your employer's success and lost. Get him to give you a written acknowledgment of his indebtedness and then acquaint his wealthy brother with the facts. If your employer is too proud to do the right thing by you do not you be too proud to give the rich brother the chance of righting the wrong. The brother may feel that he would like to discharge a brother's debt of honour. He ought at least to be given the opportunity.*

Maternal Jealousy

"MY son has inherited a great deal of money from his grandfather—his father is dead. He has for some time past been infatuated with a woman who preys on his feelings, and, I suspect, gets money out of him for herself and for her poor relations.

"She has refused to marry my boy, and that has still further infatuated him. I believe she is deliberately playing the game to egg him on. When he gets desperate she will marry him—with a big settlement in her favour. That, in any case, is my firm belief.

"I do not know anything against her—she is too clever to do anything that would reflect on her character and spoil her chances. She poses as being religious. I suspect this also to be a blind.

"I would have her watched by private detectives, but if my son found this out he would be furious and perhaps stop my allowance."

"Humanist" says:—*'You appear to be one of those officious mothers who think they have an inalienable right to select their sons' wives. Your charges against the girl are apparently all surmise—you certainly quote no facts. In this matter of marriage each generation must solve its own problems and take its own risks. If no one were to marry—except when all relations on both sides were pleased—there would be very few marriages indeed.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

Wife in the hands of Cads.

"I am a well-known actor, now in America, and have strong suspicions that my wife, who lives in Kensington, has become involved in a bogus robbery acted for insurance money. She says she is quite innocent, but admits she has been a fool 'in the hands of these low down cads.' England is so far away, and I fear for her welfare."

So do I. Why not take your wife to America, away from people who gain a precarious livelihood by robbing insurance companies? Otherwise come home and look after your wife, instead of remaining where you are, palpitating with distant and ineffective concern.

A Young No'er-do-well.

"My chauffeur, the son of a titled man, who has disowned him, has always had my permission to use my grey car during my visits to the Continent. I find he has been taking my daughter on tours to the provinces, staying at hotels and posing as my own son (who is at present in Canada). I do not want to prosecute or even sack him, but I want to teach him a severe lesson in some indirect fashion."

Dismiss your chauffeur at once. His father was apparently a good judge. He deceived you by posing as your son and compromised your daughter. You cannot dismiss your daughter, but obviously she needs some wise fatherly advice.

Question of Morals.

"My aunt, the matron of a hospital, is retiring soon, and wants to share my flat with me. She does not know I have been living secretly with my lover (who has a cantankerous wife) for over a year, and I am afraid to tell her, as she is—well, a matron."

Apart from any question of morals you are under no obligation to take your aunt to live with you. But try not to think any the worse of matrons because they have not yet lost altogether the capacity for being shocked.

Fear of Disgrace.

"My brother, secretary to a Park Lane gentleman, is in some private disgrace, but will not confide it to me. Every time he sees me he is looking more anxious than ever. Ours is a good old family name, and my father is a vicar in this town. I cannot sleep without seeing my brother's worried eyes."

Perhaps you exaggerate. His trouble is unlikely to be very great if he will not confide it to his own family. All you can do is to beg him to take you into his confidence. If he doesn't let him fight his battle alone.

Under Suspicion.

"I went to a ball the other day with my friend, Lady ——. She lost her pearls on the journey home. I was alone with her at the time. The police cannot trace the thief, and it annoys me to think that some low person might be regarding me as the robber."

That is the worst of low persons, you never can be quite sure what they will do. You are all right, however, so long as you are not suspected by high personages—at Scotland Yard.

Grey Matters.

"My mother, who has lost her second husband (my stepfather) has had to go to work at the age of fifty-two. She is employed as a lift girl at a West End store. She is chaffed by the younger girls because she is grey. She is afraid to report the matter for fear of losing her job."

Tell your mother not to worry. The people who laugh at her will forget all about it if she ignores them. The approach of age is always a tragedy which no one has yet been able to postpone.

A Father's Lament.

"The unmarried mother of my child refuses to marry me, and when I urged her struck me in the face. I have to pay her ten shillings a week for sixteen years. What are my prospects?"

You must pay for your illegitimate child. Who else do you suppose should support it?

Pulpit and Pew.

"I have always admired the vicar of my church—incidentally the church my father was christened in. But he is going wrong. I am sure he is misconducting himself with a lady member of the congregation. His wife, who is an invalid, is at the South of France."

If you go to church regularly you ought to be acquainted with that golden rule of conduct: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

The Wrong Hospitality.

"My mother-in-law, with whom I live—my husband is unemployed—drinks and insists on my drinking with her. I am in debt."

Refuse to drink with her. The alternative is debt and disgrace. It is for you to choose between them.

Moral Snobbery.

"My sister, a clever girl, is first assistant to a West End specialist. She is getting quite used to the sphere of life, which is hers through this position, but some of the things she has to do in the surgery seem to me unfit for a girl like she is."

We live in a real world, and the people who imitate the ostrich, burying its head in the sand and pretending there is nothing about, are incorrigibly stupid. Why remain in that class?

Sea and Alien.

"I am English and did my bit in the war, and my wife is Austrian. Lately my wife's mother has been worrying her to send my eldest son to her in Austria, promising she would give him a good education, and leave him all her money—which is a considerable sum—when she dies. I am comparatively poor. You can imagine my dislike of my son being brought up as an Austrian. What should I do?"

Yes, let your son be brought up in Austria. If he is any good, he will respect his father's opinions, views and attitude. If not, neither you nor I can help it.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Pro Bono "Pub"-lico

by HARRISON OWEN

"I HAVE lately read much about deserted docks, but the strike certainly has not affected the dock of this court," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, glancing at the railed-in area in which were crowded the presidents and secretaries of the Temperance Legislation League, the National Temperance League, and the United Kingdom Band of Hope, all of whom pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of aiding and abetting the sale of intoxicating liquor under demoralising conditions.

"The overcrowded condition of the dock," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is due to a raid upon a number of so-called 'temperance' organisations. This raid was carried out because of complaints regarding unpleasant scenes witnessed outside public-houses on Bank Holiday, when tired women and children were grouped on the pavement, because the State has decided that the British public-house is not a fit place for a child to enter. I do not dispute the wisdom of this decision, but I unhesitatingly assert that people like the accused and those who follow in their Pussyfoot steps are responsible for the British public-house being what it is—a mere booze emporium.

"EVERY attempt to improve these places by providing them with attractions other than booze has been frustrated by the licensing authorities egged on by temperance fanatics. Not long ago an enterprising publican sought to instal a wireless receiving-set in his bar, but was prevented from doing so. These temperance cranks are the best friends brewery shareholders have, for they sternly oppose the introduction into public-houses of anything likely to interfere with the business of drinking.

"Since many decent women refuse to enter pubs, their husbands, deprived of the restraining presence of their wives, are much more likely to drink to excess. Well-to-do women can consume cocktails in hotels or restaurants without any stigma attaching to them, for these places offer food, music and dancing in decent surroundings, which, owing to the efforts of generations of temperance cranks, are not found in pubs. It is in the hope of ending the wretched conditions working-class men and women have to put up with if they wish to take alcoholic refreshment that these prosecutions have been launched."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that the spectacle of women and children waiting about outside pubs was invaluable for propaganda purposes, as it enabled temperance officials to make despairing gestures while chanting "Bar, bar, black sheep!" He agreed that the common bar, in which men stood at a counter and drank, while being bumped and jostled by others, was a wretched place, but if men wished to make hogs of themselves they should be compelled to drink like swine at a trough. If public-houses were made fit for men to take their families to, the cause of Pussyfootism would be irreparably damaged and those of his clients who were paid officials of their organisations would lose their jobs.

EXPRESSING agreement with the jury's verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull said that a public-house, as the name implied, should be conducted primarily for the convenience of the public, and not for the convenience of publicans and brewers, on the one hand, or faddists and fanatics on the other. A Bank Holiday would no longer be an alcoholiday if men were able to obtain reasonable refreshment in the presence of their families. For the evil they had done in preventing this, each of the prisoners would be sentenced to a personal experience of prohibition for six months, during which time they would not be allowed to indulge in intemperate propaganda, Pussyfootball matches, mixed metaphors, sour milk or cold tea. They could, however, drink water, large quantities of which were available in the form of post-war "beer." During their sentence none of the prisoners would be permitted to pursue their favourite hobby of collecting subscriptions.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advert.):—"Trained NURSE for nursing home; 10 beds; USED TO COWS AND HORSES; good wages."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Watching his opportunity, he shortened the heavy dog-whip he carried, and brought the butt end of it down with all his VOICE on Blake's head."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"Great IMPROVEMENTS have recently been made, as the result of experiment, in the Post Office telephones. It is NOW IMPOSSIBLE, on the new cables, to MAINTAIN A PERFECTLY AUDIBLE CONVERSATION over a distance of 3,000 miles."

"FORGET-ME-NOT NOVELS":—"She halted, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AT HIM."

"WOMAN'S LIFE":—"WHITE of EVERY SHADE is in highest favour."

"BIRMINGHAM WEEKLY DISPATCH":—"PLAIN STRAW hats, with enough brim to shade the eyes, yet fitting closely to the head. IN WHITE FELTS will be worn."

"SCOTSMAN" (advert.):—"Will lady and gent. (good social position) Edinburgh, take young lady FEW MONTHS in AUGUST?"

"BOYS' OWN LIBRARY":—"Through his half-closed LIDS he WATCHED every move of the man."

"BOLTON EVENING NEWS":—"His dog was lying dead ON THE FLOOR ACROSS THE FOOT OF THE BED."

"SOUTH OF ENGLAND ADVERTISER":—"Servant, CAPABLE OR TEMPORARY, required at once. Plain cooking and usual duties."

"BOYS' FRIEND":—"Suddenly wakened out of his sleep, and terror-stricken at the two WORMS standing so close to him in the gloom . . . he dashed along the passage."

Sports and by ROWLEY

IT is a very good job that H.H. the Aga Khan is a rich man. It must cost him a small fortune to buy new caps for George Hulme. He lost two at Goodwood. Hulme, by the way, is a jockey whom nobody takes the trouble to write up, yet he is one of the brainiest men we have in the saddle to-day.

* * *

A Funny Race.

I saw a funny race at Sandown Park on Bank Holiday, and probably a good many of my readers saw it too. The second should have won by lengths. Unfortunately, the jockey seemed to be under the impression that his whip was placed in his hand to keep away the flies.

* * *

Mumtaz v. Epinard.

I have read a lot of interesting views lately about the relative merits of Mumtaz Mahal and Epinard, and I hope something more will come of the suggestion that these two fliers should be matched at weight for age over five furlongs. I don't think there is any doubt which would win. Epinard's victory was a very fine one, but it certainly wasn't any more imposing than Tettameter's of the previous year, and I for one would back the grey and would, I think, win my money. A match of this character over the Kempton or Hurst Park track would pack the stands. There hasn't been such a sporting event for twenty years, and I do not think that that good sportsman, the Aga Khan, would shirk such an encounter.

* * *

Three Good Winners.

Don't forget, when you are sizing up future sprint handicaps, that three horses on Bank Holiday were backed for pounds, shillings and pence, and duly materialised. The first of these was Cynos, a very useful performer, who would have been returned at 3 to 1 and even less if the start had been delayed. The second was Golden Error: I have never heard such a fierce tip for a horse as there was for this one; whilst money was plastered on Celebrate at Sandown Park to win the Three-Year-Old Handicap at Birmingham.

A New Jumping Fixture.

I have just seen the preliminary prospectus of the new Fontwell Park Racecourse. This is to be a jumping meeting, and it will certainly be one of the most pleasant of the year, for Fontwell is situated in the lovely Goodwood country. A figure-of-eight course is being laid out. It very seldom happens that opportunities are offered for becoming a shareholder in a racecourse at its inception, but such a chance exists in this case. The capital is small, and the profits should be large, for Fontwell is in the heart of a sporting district and is midway between Brighton and Portsmouth.

* * *

My Winners.

My best place-treble prize has been divided between

Mr. E. ABBOTT,
456, London Road,
High Wycombe.

and

Mr. G. BELL,
60, Stamford Park Road,
Hale, Cheshire.

The former gave Blagueur, Blarney Stone and Ulula, and the latter Golly Eyes, Blarney Stone and Ulula. I might say that the winners had only a fractional advantage over others, and that it took three people nearly four days to examine and "work out" the cards.

* * *

Bookmakers Losing.

The bookmaker is very rightly and properly regarded as the punter's enemy, and very little sympathy is extended to him when he comes up against it. But they have certainly had a twisting in the past fortnight, in spite of the stories that have been told of punters' heavy losses at Goodwood. And, by the way, when an outside wins a big race, it by no means follows that the book has had a "skinner." Saltash at 20 to 1 nearly ruined a number of respectable s.p. merchants, and some of the men in Tattersalls had a bad race. Two bookmakers I know of, for example, laid Saltash to lose a lot of money.

* * *

"The Other Meeting."

I so often find that the best tips I ever receive are those about horses running "at the other meeting." At Sandown Park (as I have already remarked) almost everybody in the ring was backing Golden Error at Birmingham. Similarly, at Brighton almost everybody one met had a big tip for Breslane, both of which tips duly materialised.

* * *

"That Horse."

Somebody wrote the other day asking me whether stable boys call horses by their registered names. I can assure them they do not. For example, Mumtaz Mahal is never referred to at Whatcombe except as "the grey filly." Generally, if a horse is liked in a stable, the boys find a pet name for him. The other day I was present at a trial, and it was amusing to hear the stable boy who rode the winner describing the race. Never once did he mention any horse by name.

"This horse got away in front until we had gone about two furlongs, then that horse came up with that other horse and headed this horse. Then this horse took a lead in the dip, and that horse headed me again till we came to the rise; then this horse went away from him," said the lad.

* * *

Kepplestone's Win.

I think one of the most impressive wins I have seen for some time was that of Kepplestone. Certainly the running of this horse interested me more than usual, because my leased horse, Prunus, beat him a head last year. Prunus in the meantime has gone off, though when I saw him gallop the other day, he showed some sign of coming back to his old form, and the reader might note for himself how he ran in the De Warrenne Handicap. There is certainly a race in him.

My Two-Y.-O. Handicap.

Last week I promised my Two-Year-Old Handicap, but I am postponing the publication of this until next week. The upsetting of Druid's Orb, the revolutionary advancement of Purple Shade, to say nothing of the beating of Knight of the Garter, make it necessary for me to prepare a brand-new handicap. I hope to get in some fifty horses, and these will be a guide to the reader in the weight-for-age two-year-old races for the rest of the season.

* * *

I should like to see Hades and Missal run again, but I shall have to take it for granted that the form these horses have shown represents their best. I should be inclined to put Purple Shade on the same mark as Straitlace.

* * *

Diophon's Show.

I cannot say that I was very much impressed with the latest performance of Diophon. The victory of Bees in Amber last week is interesting, because it enables us to get a line to the second-class performers. Personally, I think that Cabbage should have beaten Cottrill's horse.

* * *

A Colt to Watch.

One of the smoothest two-year-old performances (though he had nothing to beat) was that of Soulouque c.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Rain Wanted!

The going at Newmarket is still terribly hard, and a good week of rain would not come amiss. I am sure that all the trainers are fervently hoping for a change in this respect.

* * *

De Mestre in Form.

I have an idea we are going to see De Mestre's horses sustaining the form they showed at Goodwood, though here again the hard going is all against some of the heavily topped ones in his stable. I am quite sure that we have not seen the finish of Sicyon's winning sequence. I saw him galloping the other day on the Limekilns, and he looked a perfect picture. It will have to be a good one that takes his number down this season.

* * *

Another horse in this stable that is going to win a race is Holy Friar. De Mestre has not been able to get at him, but as soon as we get a little give in the ground this horse will win a good race unless I am very much mistaken.

* * *

Friar's Melody is just coming into his own, and Captain Boyd Rochfort has been sending this one some good gallops with Golden Arch. The latter horse has been a great disappointment, but he is one who will do better when conditions underfoot are more favourable.

* * *

A Stable Not to Follow.

Lambton's horses are not doing much work just now, so you must have special news about any one of them before you back it. He is one of the fortunate trainers who can afford to throw up his horses for a week or so.

* * *

A Persistent Tip.

I hardly know what to make of Mrs. Fall, whom young Leach has been sending in some good pace gallops on the Limekilns. This mare has been tipped to me as a good thing so often that I think some mistake must have been made about her.

* * *

Two of Sadler's.

Sadler, who makes very few mistakes, but has not had the very best of luck has been very busy lately with Donna Inez, and it may be interesting to you to know that Top Gallant is again in fairly good work.

* * *

Captain Fracasse.

The last time Captain Fracasse ran, some of the newspapers reported him as having broken down. This is not true, for Dawson Waugh has been sending him some good gallops of a mile. I doubt however, whether Soubriquet will be ready before the back-end. She is a beautiful mare, and there is a good race in her. If I were a bookmaker, I would not care to lay her at any extravagant odds for the Cambridgeshire, which will propably be her objective.

* * *

Canova.

There are a lot of people who think that the victory of Canova was a fluke, but they are going to be very much surprised, unless I am mistaken. Though I cannot say that this one is in strong work, this good colt has been going some nice gallops on the Limekilns.

* * *

A Winner Soon.

A horse that you may see win in the near future, and one to make a specia

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

KEMPTON PARK (Wednesday).

2. 0 Moldore (Millwater, The Bailiff).
2.30 Click (Billy Beck, Client).
3. 0 Free From Pride (Azimuth, Bart Snowball).
3.30 Pittendynie (Hades, Cock Laird).
4. 0 Miss Margot (Blagueur, Widow Bird).
4.30 Palomides (Ardavon, Judith O'Malley).

KEMPTON PARK (Thursday).

2. 0 Moldore (Petty Cury, Puck).
2.30 Varaine (Sunday Rambler, Elsie Maynard).
3. 0 Zoomp (Olive Belle, Zareba).
3.30 Azimuth (Sans Guerre, Vigneron).
4. 0 Demi-Volt (Durzilla, Meandering).
4.30 Sweet Dorothy (Belgian Boy, Mixen Mast).

REDCAR (Wednesday).

1.30 Tryst (Executioner, Seta Devi).
2. 0 Elizabeth L. (Langside, Munster's Pride).
2.30 Gay Coster (Mary Selby, Crimson Sun).
3. 0 Verdict (Phaon, Friar).
3.30 Wykeham (Kitty Tyrrell, Glennell).
4. 0 Ethereal (Spartleton, Polydences).
4.30 Brisi (Munster's Pride, Polemburg).

REDCAR (Thursday).

1.30 Orange Prince (Stage Favourite, Balzac).
2. 0 The Roe (Cock Laird, Hunting Morn).
2.30 Beauregard (His Excellency, Envoy).
3. 0 Ding How (Limenico, Su Su).
3.30 Julius (Honey Flower, Wayward Colt).
4. 0 Fiddleback (Langside, Kate Hardcastle).

WINDSOR (Friday).

2. 0 Double Court (By Mistake, Nectarine).
2.30 Lady Frances (Breslane, Household Brigade.)
3. 0 Lakers (Desire, Nous Verrons).
3.30 Puck (Prolific, Earl Marshall).
4. 0 Berengaria (Hades, Teheran).
4.30 Bold Danby (Samoy, Trajanus).

WINDSOR (Saturday).

2. 0 Canon Rosy (Friarsdale, Coombe Dick).
2.30 Sinnel (Cushy, Kilworth).
3. 0 Coventry (Tobermory, Truant).
3.30 The Rose Filly (Barnsdale Filly, White Cat).
4. 0 Bengal (Long Corrie, Oriel).
4.30 Castile (Garrison, Hartshead).

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Sportsmen

MILE

note of, is Harry Tate. Walter Griggs has been keeping this horse busy, and last week he went a very nice gallop with Alector and Solon the Philosopher.

* * *

Gilpin's Luck.

Mr. Gilpin has not had the best of luck this year, and Town Guard was, of course, a terrible disappointment, but this fellow is by no means a back number, and I would call your attention to the fact that he is entered for the Cambridgeshire—a race which has often fallen to a good-class three-year-old. He is not likely to be handicapped with undue severity, and the training of this one will be worth watching. Both he and St. Louis have been doing work on the tan, though, of course, it has not been very heavy.

* * *

Papyrus and the Ledger.

I can't say at the moment that Papyrus is having a very impressive preparation for the Leger, though there is plenty of time, and he is the kind of horse that thrives on his work.

* * *

Going back to Gilpin, we may have to wait for our home meeting before we see his stable in anything like form. At present luck has deserted him, but he is a trainer of infinite patience and one of the best in England.

* * *

In the spring of the year Silver Hue won a good race, but since then the hard going has beaten her. She is in very strong work, and is distinctly one to watch.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Brilliance is one of the skinniest looking horses in training.

* * *

If I were asked to describe the ideal gallop, I should so describe Alfred Day's training ground at Arundel.

* * *

I like to hear that the favourite is "no good" when I have backed something to beat him.

* * *

Mike Beary is back. What are the odds against his first mount being a winner?

* * *

There is something wrong about that turn into the straight at A.P. Scullion nearly "came it" a month ago at the very spot where Stingo fell.

* * *

According to the "list" men, Ceylonese promises to develop into a warm favourite for the Cesarewitch.

ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

Wanted—Goal Scorers!

Blackburn Rovers evidently believe in new blood. Eight new men will make their appearance in the coming season, five of whom are forwards! How much of this change is due to the fact that during last October and November not a single goal was scored by the team in nine hours of football?

* * *

The Old Brigade.

Bristol City are holding on to the boys who gained the club promotion. At present only two new men, Ernest Glenn a back from Willenhall, and Ted Clark an outside right from Sunderland, have been signed on. Reports from the Bristol City camp say hard training has been in progress.

* * *

The Channel Victor.

So the Channel has been conquered again—on this occasion by Henry Sullivan, the American. Sullivan's 28 hours in the water is an amazing feat of courage and endurance, and to come after six previous fruitless attempts, marks the victor as a swimmer of real grit. What with the many other efforts now in progress it is just possible the success may be duplicated before the season is over.

* * *

The Tykes Again.

Nothing can now prevent Yorkshire from being the champion county once again. They are a well-balanced side with plenty of batting and plenty of bowling. Wilfred Rhodes is still a marvel, having taken more than a hundred wickets at ten runs a piece, in a season that has favoured the batsmen! Does it mean that he is as good as ever, or does it support the belief of the pavilion grousers, that batting is not what it used to be in the good old days when "Archie" Maclaren wielded the willow as fiercely as he now wields the pen?

* * *

A New "Ranji."

"Ranji's" nephew, K.S. Duleepsinjhi, has shown himself a chip of the old block this year at Cheltenham. Like Ranji, he has a wonderfully quick eye. He is "set" for his stroke a second before most people. He is always good to watch, just as Macartney and Hobbs are, because he gets busy from the moment he comes in. His cricketing career will be watched with interest.

* * *

A Great Sportsman.

Tom Pawley, who died recently, was a great figure in Kentish and English cricket. He brought the Kent side to the top of the tree by discovering the great Colin Blythe, Fielder and Humphreys. He also made a successful job of managing an English team in Australia—and not every "manager" has done that! He is a great loss to English cricket. He was a sportsman of the best type and he played the game to the very end.

* * *

Dizzy Figures.

How we have moved in boxing finance! Fifteen years ago Tommy Burns staggered us by asking £6,000 for boxing Jack Johnson. To-day Dempsey refuses to fight for less than £65,000. The champion in fact, will get £70,000 for meeting Firpo next month, and will demand even more to box Harry Wills.

* * *

Easy Money.

It is impossible to hide the truth that the great fistic game is being killed by this extortion. Since Dempsey won the title he has taken well over half a million dollars for thirty-seven rounds of boxing—about an hour and fifty minutes work in four years' time. The man really to blame, of course, is Tex Rickard—the self-styled promoting "giant." His passion for doing things on an extravagant scale has played into the hands of Dempsey and his manager.

* * *

Hope!

There is hope, however, that the tide will turn before the game is killed completely. In America where £10 was charged for the ring seats, the price has now been reduced to £3 and £2. Throughout the States boxing enthusiasts are now demanding that a limit of £2 for big matches be established. Perhaps Rickard's day has come—and gone.

Here's What You want

-Soap and Lotion Combined

Gentlemen, there is no need now to mess about with hot towels or emollients to make the face feel easy after shaving.

Our new shaving cream does away with these old time-wasters—for two reasons:—

First, it gives you a quicker, smoother, more comfortable shave than you have had before—eliminating the cause of smarting.

Second, it gives your face the soothing effect of those great skin restoratives—palm and olive oils. It is soap and lotion *combined*.

It is better in other ways too. Try it and see.

We claim it is infinitely better than anything you have ever used.

Test this claim at our expense. Use the Coupon.

PALMOLIVE

Shaving Cream

10 Shaves Free.

The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C., 21 & 23, Eagle St., High Holborn, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE a 10-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

P.73-H. J.B. Aug. 18

BEAUTIFUL HAIR MAKES YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

As everybody knows, a head of thick, rich lustrous hair makes a difference of ten years or more in the appearance. It is quite easy to secure a wealth of beautiful hair: natural in colour, fine in texture, glistening, bright and full of life—the admiration of every one. All you have to do is to get a 2s. 11d. bottle of Lavona Hair Tonic from your chemist. Right from the first application you will see the improvement—the dandruff will quickly disappear and the dullness soon depart. And for good, too, if you use as directed. So don't delay—if you don't want to grow old-looking too fast.

USE LAVONA HAIR TONIC

Make your own cigarette. It is twice as good.

A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER

PUREST

CURE YOUR CATARRH THIS EASY WAY.

There's but one sure way to banish catarrh, and that's to get rid of all those cough and cold symptoms you've got in your system. Deadly little catarrh germs, too, which keep your health at low ebb—get rid of them! Take Bitrate of Tar—the product that rendered pine-forest visits obsolete. Here you have an accurate compound giving you the full benefits of *nature's* antidote to catarrhal troubles—a perfect blend of Pine Tar and Oil of Pine. One dose soothes and benefits, a few days' treatment sees the trouble gone. Sure, safe and speedy. As good for children as for the aged. Sold by all good chemists at 3s. a bottle. Accept no substitute—say firmly, "BITRATE OF TAR."

BABY CARS from £2.1.3

Direct from Factory. On Approval. CARRIAGE PAID Retail Profits Saved. Cash or Easy Terms *Send now for Free Art Catalogue.*

BIGGEST PUBLIC SUPPLY CO., (Dept. 136), Coventry

THE IRRESISTIBLE GIRL.

And Her Delicate Breathless Sister.

A young girl should be bright and full of energy. The pink flush of health should be on her cheeks. She ought to be irresistible. Life is at its best. She should not be tired and wan, too languid to enjoy plain food, too shy and timid to attract anyone, often being ill for a day and having to be in bed.

She should be full of vitality, hungry for her meals, glad to help with the housework, fond of an evening's recreation, walking with a spring in her heels, and with sunshine in her eyes.

A girl who is thin and breathless, with no colour in her lips and cheeks, anæmic, dull-looking, will improve wonderfully under the influence of the new blood that Dr. Williams' pink pills can give her. She will gain vitality and attractiveness, grow healthy and jolly, get rid of all her languor and lassitude.

It is worth while to join the throng of rosy young womanhood, when all you need is Dr. Williams' pink pills. Chemists sell them: or send 3s. 9d. for a box post free from address below.

FREE. The booklet, "Nature's Warnings," should be read by every girl. Write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, for a free copy.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Holiday Vampires.

Vampire women, travelling popular seaside resorts to prey on members of the opposite sex, and acting, in some cases it is feared, with boarding-house keepers, are adding a new peril to the holiday-making of men. Fascinating enough these women are, and presumably respectable, but their characters come to light when they have so led their victim on that some possibly innocent incident may be used to destroy his reputation and soil his life. The opportunity for blackmail is what these women mostly seek, and many a man has paid a heavy price for his holiday because of their operations. He will be a brave man who takes one of these vampires into court, but until it is done men on holidays are not safe.—"*A Victim*," *Manchester*.

The Cause of Cancer.

If the French scientist, Professor Borrel, is correct in assuming that the germs of cancer are present in all animals the alarming increase of this disease is easily accounted for by the enormous increase of late years in the number of cats and dogs kept in towns. The latter are for the most part curs, but many are Pekingese and the like, for which the owners have probably paid anything from £30 to £50. The health of the nation should be our first consideration, and it is little use to have health centres and clinics whilst we allow people to breed disease in our midst.—*D. J. B., Kensington*.

"State Wages Required."

It is a shame that a great number of "advts." inserted under "Situations Vacant" the words "state wages required" should so often appear. One can imagine a poor, unemployed devil, applying for a situation, for which he possesses all necessary qualifications, anxiously considering and probably consulting a more than anxious wife "if we could manage on *so-and-so*. If I should get it?" Surely it should be possible when we have "official cost of living figures" to fix a minimum wage. Under present circumstances a man can only obtain a situation which is practically a hand-to-mouth existence.—*C. A., Handsworth*.

Harsh Prison Rules.

Your article on Prison Barbarities hits the nail on the head. Speaking from experience, for a man to be alone, day after day, locked up with his own thoughts and despair, is nothing short of inhuman treatment. Little wonder that some of them go mad or commit suicide. Let some of our influential social reformers or prison commissioners attend a few prison chapel services and study the men's features with unbiased minds. Or, better still, let them try three months of it, with no one to talk to. Of course, in law, the men are criminals, but at the same time they are human beings. For humanity's sake let prisoners talk occasionally to one another.—"*Unfortunate*," *Lytham*.

Minimising Mine Explosions.

Surely the latest "naked light" explosion in Scotland calls for a clause in the Coal Mines Act abolishing the use of naked lights altogether in mines shallow or otherwise? The very fact that the mine is shallow and that gas may have been unknown in particular mines for years does not eliminate the admittedly remote chance of an accumulation of gas and the risk of explosions in mines where naked lights are used.—"*Practical Miner*," *Sunderland*.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

The Ellis Islanders.

A great deal of sympathy is, in my opinion, being wasted on people from our country emigrating to the United States of America. Why should they want to go to a foreign country to settle unless it is to avoid contributing their share of the heavy taxation due to the War Debt incurred in saving civilisation and making "the world safe for America"? There are plenty of British Dominions and other oversea possessions which would be glad to receive them. It must be obvious to them that they are not wanted in the U.S.A., and it says little for their self-respect when they persist in laying themselves open to the treatment given them in Ellis Island, by our hospitable (?) cousins.—*W. P., Aberdeen*.

Insurance Windfalls.

It is all to the good that attention should have been called to the advantages that accrue to insured workers under the Unemployment Insurance Acts. The Act is really a savings bank for every contributing member, but it is astonishing what little knowledge of this side of it is possessed by those who administer the Acts. Many officials are absolutely ignorant of the right of the insured to claim any refund at all, and often they refuse to acknowledge any claims unless 500 payments have been made. The 500 payments only apply to those who were under 55 years of age at the time of entry. In that case they can claim the refund at the age of 60. But there is a drop of 50 off the 500 for every year up to 63-4, above which age no minimum is required. No doubt a great many aged workers have nice little nest eggs awaiting them if they only knew it and had the courage to put their claims forward.—*Pro Bono Publico, Willesden*.

Agencies.

In several daily papers a portion of a column is set apart for advertisements under above heading. They almost invariably state "huge profits," "business easily learned," "sells like wildfire," "no competition." Anything from £50 to £100 or more must be invested in stock. Immediately the energetic and enterprising man tries the market he finds the goods unsaleable. Moral:—Do not invest in stock before trying a sample.—"*Bitten*" (*London*).

A Compliment to "John Bull"

It is a nice little compliment our readers pay us when we find that, in spite of our special offer to send the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge on approval, the majority prefer to send the cash. It shows that any offer emanating from "John Bull" has the entire confidence of our readers. We prize the compliment highly. Meanwhile, those who have still to get this wonderful book are invited to turn to page 2 and see our special offer to send the work FREE.

Slave Wives of Lancashire.

Who will come to the rescue of the sweated wives who are products of the Lancashire cotton mill system, and the county's greatest shame? Trades Union men fight for limited hours of work for themselves, but what of their wives whom they send into the factories? These over-worked, exploited women have to work as long hours as the men in the mills; they have in addition to do hours of work in the homes. Only the Lancashire married woman who works in the mill knows how frequently the lives of her sex are shortened by the slave-wife system which is established but against which a revolt is developing.—*Mrs. W. D., Burnley*.

Plaguing Pensioners.

How much longer are pensioners to be plagued with Life Certificate No. 2? This is a form which has to be filled in by several people *four times a year*. It requires the stating of the maiden name of wife, her age, when born, when married. Names, age and birth of each child, where attending school (if any are employed "state by whom and where"). Someone also has to vouch for wife and children and husband being still alive, and this often means the parading of the entire family before some local person of standing. Is all this necessary *four times a year*?—*W. R. A., Streatham*.

Beauty Competition Farce.

We have, during the past year or so, seen several so-called beauty contests in some of our daily papers. Is it not rather a farce? It is not always the most beautiful girls who think themselves good-looking, but generally the other way round. The prize, therefore, goes to the girl who is selected as the best from those who think they are pleasing to look upon, and she is lauded in the press as England's most beautiful girl, whereas the real beauties would not, in most cases, publish their photographs for the general public to either criticise or admire.—*Thos. T. Birbeck, Sunderland*.

Drinking Fountains Wanted.

During the recent heat wave it was a pathetic sight to see small children climbing the great steps of the British Museum, not to inspect the treasures within, but to drink the waters outside. It is a fact that London is notoriously badly off for these drinking-fountains. The cost of their erection and maintenance would be comparatively trifling, whilst their influence on the comfort and the health of the community, grown-up as well as youthful, would be enormous. In this respect London is far behind Continental cities, where such fountains are the rule, not the inglorious exceptions.—*P. Barry, Bloomsbury, W.C.*

Torture-traps for Cats.

Unfortunate cats are constantly falling unwarily into quagmires of lime used by workmen in building new houses just now, to emerge in a pitiable condition. This fate befell a kitten of my own some months ago, and has now befallen a neighbour's cat. Both were rescued from their plight, with difficulty, by slackening the stuff, through rubbing the limed fur with olive oil, which, it should be known, is the right treatment for those victims. Could not R.S.P.C.A. inspectors be empowered, where building is in progress, to require lime-pits to be covered under penalty of a fine?—*Alice C. Bennett, Ryde, I.O.W.*

10,000 AILING PEOPLE WANTED

Month's Treatment sent —no fee unless benefited

The vitalising powers of our natural medicine are so astonishing that you would hardly believe them, even if we published all the 24,000 testimonials that we have received. Therefore we do not ask you to believe, or to pay one penny piece until you have proved what it can do for you. We will send you a whole month's treatment—over 100 doses—on your simple promise to try whether Vita-Ore will do for you what it has done and is doing for other sufferers in your town and every other part of the Kingdom. If you say you are no better, it has cost you nothing. It cannot possibly do you any harm. There is not an atom of poison or harmful element in it, and it is quite pleasant to take; you drink it instead of water. All our tens of thousands of customers first tried Vita-Ore at our risk. We want 10,000 more ailing persons to do the same. Many people who suffered from serious chronic ailments, like Neuritis, Sciatica, St. Vitus' Dance, and affections of the kidneys and bladder, which nothing seemed to touch, have told us that Vita-Ore worked like magic. The most desperate cases have been cured. Your case may seem equally hopeless, and yet without a farthing of risk you can at least try what Vitæ-Ore can do. Perhaps your ailment is of a less serious nature. You may be merely run-down, a little anæmic, a sufferer from dyspepsia or inability to digest and derive benefit from your food; you may be nervous or neuralgic, or may suffer from those distressing backaches and pains in the side, if a woman. Never a day passes without some sufferer just like yourself writing to us, delighted with the effects of Vita-Ore, and proving that he or she is benefited, by sending the money. That is all we ask—that if you feel better you shall pay the very small price of 4s. 6d. for the whole month's strengthening, vitalising, curative treatment.

APPROVED BY DOCTORS.

Vita-Ore is not a patent medicine or quack remedy; it contains no drugs. The Government analysts exempted it from patent medicine stamp duty. The *Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory." The *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vita-Ore."

Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

WHAT VITAE-ORE HAS CURED.

The vitalising and rejuvenating effects of Vita-Ore are proved by the great variety of ailments which it has cured. They include such things as:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism and
Neuralgia	Neurasthenia
Headaches	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder
Lumbago	Weakness
St. Vitus' Dance	Chronic Catarrh
Dyspepsia	Sluggish Liver and
Chronic Indigestion	All run-down conditions due to the
Eruptions of the Skin	
Backache in Women	Stomach, Kidneys,
Neuritis	Nerves and Liver

Vita-Ore is also a most effective tonic: it quickly improves the appetite and digestion, and increases the vital forces.

HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS FREE OFFER.

You can try the effect of Vita-Ore for a month, without sending any money. Simply fill up the coupon at foot and post to us and we send you enough to furnish 3 doses a day for a whole month. If you feel the benefit, you undertake to send 4s. 6d. only. If not you have only to write and say so and we cancel the bill.

THEO. NOEL CO. LTD
(Dept. 19),
29, Ludgate Hill,
London, E.C. 4.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

The benefits which thousands have derived from Vita-Ore are so great that you owe it to yourself to take advantage of this very liberal offer. The price that you pay, if benefited, is so very small that you would surely not grudge it: 4s. 6d. is little enough for renewed vitality, better spirits, marked increase in bodily and mental vigour, and the delightful sense of well-being that comes from the full vitality that Vita-Ore practically always gives. If you think for a moment you can see that it must succeed, for if nearly every one did not feel visibly benefited we should not receive enough remittances to pay the cost of doing business. Vita-Ore must have more vitalising power than anything else, for no other medicine is offered you on these terms.

NO BENEFIT—NO PAY.

Therefore, *for* your own sake, do not delay. You may forget. Cut out the coupon at once and send to us without any money.

CUT THE COUPON OUT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

Send this Without Money for 4/6 Packet lasting a Month.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4

Dear Sirs

Please send me a month's supply of Vita-Ore with full directions and free book of particulars. I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days. If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shillings and sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case You are to charge me nothing.

NAME .....

Address .....

.....

(Adv't)

Only

2 weeks left

if you want to compete for the additional July-August Prizes below *as well as* for the big main prizes

How to win a Fortune with 2/6

Entries for The Treasure Quest Competition, received up to August 31st, 1923, are eligible for both the July-August prizes below and the huge main prizes.

Thus for the outlay of 2/6 and a little common sense, you stand to win the colossal prize of £6,400.

'Treasure Quest'

Over £10,000 in Prizes.

A competition organised by the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association in Aid of Distressed and Destitute Southern Irish Loyalists who have suffered for their loyalty to Great Britain.

Appeal Committee

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE. Mrs. WEBSTER.
THE EARL OF RANFURLY O.C.M.G. Brig.-Gen. C. PRESCOTT-DECIE.
THE LADY CONSTANCE MILNES-GASKELL. I.W. RAYMOND Esq.

First Prize £6,000

2nd, £2,000 3rd, £1,000

Four each of £200

and scores of other Cash Prizes from £100 to £1

*Extra July-August Prizes

First Prize - -	£600	Fourth & Fifth (ea.)	£25
Second „ - -	£200	Ten Prizes of - -	£10
Third „ - -	£100	One hundred Prizes of -	£1

**These Prizes will be paid as soon after the 31st August as judging can be completed.*

All you have to do is to find the errors in a set of pictures of everyday scenes, well within the capacity of the proverbial 'schoolboy!'

ONLY 2 WEEKS LEFT

If you want to compete for the July-August Prizes as well as the big main Prizes.

Send for YOUR Tickets NOW and give yourself time.

AGENTS WANTED to sell 'Treasure Quest' Tickets on Trade Terms. Apply Director, Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

Tickets 2/6 may be obtained from theatre ticket agencies, and all shops exhibiting this advertisement or the 'Treasure Quest' Poster, or send Coupon at side.

To Director, "Treasure Quest Competition," 58, Victoria St., London, S.W. 1.

Please send me.....tickets (at 2/6 each) and the necessary competition pictures, for which I enclose cheque (postal order) for £..... s..... d.....

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS AND IN INK. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to "Treasure Quest Competition." J.B. 18s

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

C. C. (Dover).—"I'm well in with all the heads." Then you're either a barber or a phrenologist.

M. G. D. (Southsea).—"In future I will take no notice of our foreman." He will be annoyed.

M. K. (Dalston).—"What does the ordinary street bookmaker make?" A book, of course.

T. A. (Ipswich).—"The man in the street takes no real interest in politicians." Probably because he thinks the politicians take no real interest in the man in the street.

GAZER (Handsworth).—"What I don't know about astrology isn't worth knowing." And what we *do* know about it isn't worth knowing either.

P. T. (St. Helens).—"It's unfair that the person receiving the money should have to pay the receipt stamp." We shouldn't mind putting in a full day at it anyhow.

D. R. A. (Manchester).—"Some people can't work without drinking." But the majority can't drink without working.

E. B. (Newark).—"Children have their place." Ours seem to be all over the place.

H. R. (Finsbury Park).—"My sympathy is almost entirely with France, not Germany." Ours is almost entirely with Britain.

P. J. M. (Latchford).—"There are fiends in top hats." Silk worms, so to speak.

AMMI (Sutton).—"Is there any money to be made in coffee?" Pots.

Loco (Stockport).—"The railways are over-stocked with officials." Yet we can never find a porter when we want one.

OBSERVANT (London).—"The water we drink should be as pure as it can be." And the milk as pure as it's canned.

F. B. (Coventry).—"You, I am sure, are interested in kiddies." Sure! It's only so as to have the pictures to give away that we smoke so many cigarettes.

ARTHUR T. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"Every other Sunday we have a chicken for dinner." Then you get the bird every fortnight?

F. N. (Lewisham).—"How can I get a place as a mannequin?" It's largely a matter of form.

W .N. (Rotherham).—"I've lost two horses in as many weeks." We lost a stud only this morning.

H. L. (Folkestone).—"My husband threatened to give a beach photographer a good thrashing." Probably he's well tanned already.

B. A. (Putney).—"If only I could pluck up courage to break the ice." Be careful, otherwise you might get into a hole.

G. Y. (Letchworth).—"Wisdom means the will to do." And foolishness the ease to be done.

ARTHUR (Beattock).—"The world is misdirected." Then it should be returned through the dead letter office.

W. D. (Devonport).—"I've quarrelled with my hairdresser over his prices." Then don't be surprised if he cuts you the first time he gets the chance.

— (Merton).—"Never yet have I gone back on my word." We, too, have always paid our fare on the return journey.

F. G. B. (Warrington).—"A man without opinions is a man without brains." We're simply bursting with opinions.

G. F. (Hendon).—"Plus-fours suit me." But not down to the ground.

S. D. R. (Leeds).—"The world will end on December 23rd this year." We should worry! Our fire insurance policy is paid up to February, 1924.

S. S. (Thundersley).—"Men don't notice anything unless it really interests them." Not so sure! We've noticed your letter all right.

K. S. (Wembley).—"People don't all think alike." Some don't think at all.

W. T. (Cork).—"I like a day in bed occasionally." We've no objections.

J. F. B. (Hockley).—"Let Parliament deal with the thousands of empty houses." Let Parliament let them.

A. G. (Birkenhead).—"The new woman irritates me." Glad it's not the old woman.

P. F. M. (Paisley).—"My boss thinks he's a really great man." Seems a pity to wake him up.

R. L. (Ryde).—"Where is the Isle of Dogs?" Possibly near Barking.

TYRE (Hornsey).—"I'm on speaking terms with all classes of people." We're on the telephone, too.

S. W. (York).—"Everybody but my fiancee thinks my moustache improves my appearance." And it might be assumed that your fiancee is in closer touch with it than anybody.

L. I. T. (Rishton).—"I enclose an ode to the deep." We have consigned it to the deep w.p.b.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

H. C. P. (Johannesburg).—"Forgive me writing you with such heat." No apology necessary. We were having a cold bath at the time.

M. F. (Clapham).—The address of the St. Leger Sweepstake on behalf of ex-Service men is the Hackney United Services Club, Powerscroft Road, Clapton, E.

G. M. (Doncaster).—"I am the only son of my father." Right, we've made a note of it.

F. M. (Notts).—"May I contradict the statement made by should a woman tell? I say yes." And now we hope you're satisfied.

MEDICAL STUDENT (London).—"It is much easier to make enemies than friends." Surely you're not afraid of hard work?

A. F. B. (Poplar).—"What is it that men see in drink?" Nothing. We rather believe it's the taste that tickles their palates.

MAUDIE (Glasgow).—"I see you run down men who wear female attire at balls or even on the concert platform." No, Maudie, our car hasn't the heart to run down anyone.

S. D. (Newmarket).—"There is no honesty in this world now." Thanks very much for the tip.

J. M. D. (Bradford).—"I bought a pair of shoes two years ago and have worn them continuously ever since." Must have saved your wife a lot of darning, but don't you find the shoes awkward in bed?

INQUIRER (Aberdeen).—"It is possible that people in this country are swindled by foreign lottery promoters." After our numerous warnings we shouldn't have thought so.

WARY (Dundee).—"A man wrote to me from Spain asking me to forward £1, but I absolutely refused to do so." Plucky fellow.

X. Y. Z. (Leeds).—"When I allow my imagination to run riot I think of the most amazing things." We don't mind, so long as you keep away from Long Acre.

HAPPY (Llandudno).—"Would you like to meet a real genius?" We shouldn't mind, really, but you know what it means when two of a kind get talking.

STUDENT OF SCIENCE (——).—"I feel I must write you an article on the progress of science." Mother will be pleased.

F. W. K. (Paisley).—"I've just taken two boxes of headache pills, but they haven't done me the least bit of good." Perhaps you forgot to take the lids off?

G. P. (Leicester).—"The holidays have left me stony, and my pals are all in the same boat." Well, *Bullets* hasn't taken a holiday—send us a brain-wave and help yourself to £250.

JOHN WILLOSWISKY (Sec. British K.K.K.).—"This is a warning to you. We Irishmen are going to give our assistance to the blacks whom you criticise so much." Yours is the best Irish name we've seen. But to be on the safe side we've asked the office-boy to disguise himself as a policeman.

F. M. (West Kensington).—"Can you guess how d——d rich and important—Whoa—I mean poor and obscure I am?" Yes. No.

DISGUSTED (Barnsley).—"Rome progressed when it was good. When Rome was tired of being good she weakened and degenerated." No wonder you feel disgusted.

F. W. K. (Cardiff).—"I'm too full of the subject to write you more at the moment." Perhaps you'll feel better after a good night's rest.

R. D. (Cambridge).—"We've a home-made wireless set by which we can hear quite distinctly." Gave you a sort of surprise, eh?

JIM (Cleckheaton). — "I've got a dog that can do anything except talk." That's fine, but for the love of Mike don't ask him to send us an article.

TOM BULL (Middlesbrough).—"I notice you are very smart at showing people up." You're not so bad either to have noticed it.

JANE (Blackburn).—"There's a man in this district always making eyes at me. What shall I do?" Ask your husband to give him a black look.

F. W. M. (Maidstone).—"Would you say that a sense of humour is a gift or is it acquired?" We humourists are undoubtedly gifted.

BEY (Waltham Green).—"There will be trouble on the sandy wastes of Egypt." Merely a little dust-up?

HAPPY (Berkhamsted). — "I have just put up the banns." Notice of a peal, so to speak?

B. O. B. (Westerham).—"My wife suffers from imaginary complaints." Cure her with imaginary medicine.

BULLITE (Oxford).—"Hats off to JOHN BULL." Mind you don't get sun-stroke.

ROBERT (Stockport).—"Policemen are most unmusical." Prefer timing the beat to beating time?

H. J. (Swindon).—"My bank balance has received a nasty jar." Yes, we too have had our Income Tax demand notice.

PRIDE (Wellington).—"I am a self-made man." Then you've only yourself to blame.

WARY BILL (Tooting).— "The Government seem out to make fat jobs for their friends." Now we know why the Government has so many friends.

M. G. (Acton).— "I hereby inform you that I called at your office in Long Acre but you were not in." So you're the fellow who left the door open.

SIMON (Gloucester).— "Why do not some of the Bishops protest against the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed?" Dunno, but you know how careless some of these Bishops are!

EVA (Cardiff).— "A friend of mine has found it difficult to get a song published." Perhaps she wrote it on the wrong side of the paper.

W. A. (Carlisle).—"I shall be motoring through London on my way South." Good! Then you may possibly run into us.

TAFF (Rushden).—"For the second year I'm not having a holiday this year." No change!

R. T. I. (Newcastle).— "Prison is much more comfortable than the workhouse." We take it you've tried both.

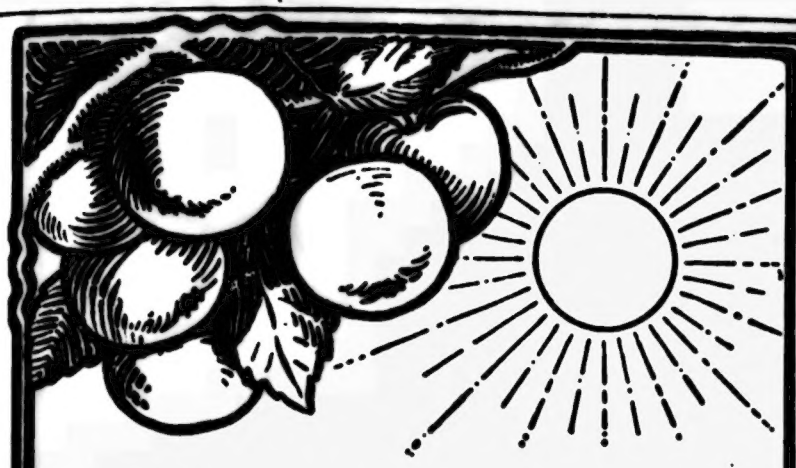
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Hurry!

If you want a

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Don't be too late. Turn to page 27 Now!



"The best fruits taste better with BIRD'S Custard!"

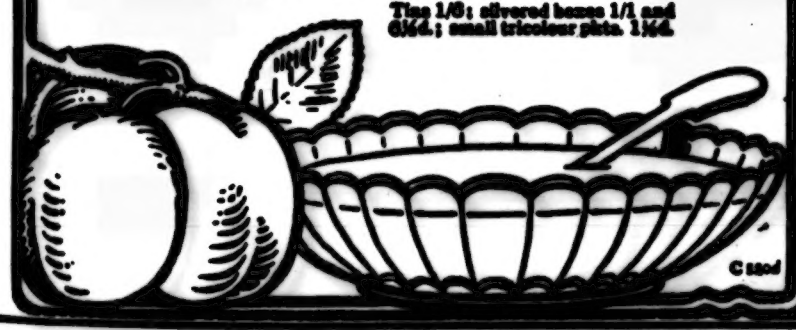
It brings out the full flavor of every kind of fruit. Whether it be currants, apricots, raspberries, apples or plums, Bird's Custard with the fruit in season always makes "the dish of the day."

BIRD'S CUSTARD

is just what is needed to go with fruit. It softens the sharp edge of the fruit acids. It blends the delicious juices into its own cream-like self, and takes them through the system without risk of disagreement and with every benefit to health.

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard :—

Tins 1/8; silvered boxes 1/1 and 6½d.; small tricolour pkts. 1½d.



The Gibbs all-British Thumb - push Holder Top Case—the world's first patent holder and the best—lets you use the soap right up. A Gibbs refill can then be inserted in a "jiffy."

Like a Cold Cream Massage

You'll greet the day with zest after a GIBBS cold cream shave. It sends you cheerily out into the morning looking fresh and feeling fit. It is as welcome as a shady seat on a hot day. It puts a fresh complexion on the world—and on you. Heat-irritated skin is delightfully freshened by the creamy fleece of lively lather. Your chin is soothed and comforted as if newly massaged with cold cream. Shaving time becomes one of the most pleasant moments of the day. Try it to-morrow morning.

Economy Note

It's a good plan to keep two sticks going. The 48 hours' rest restores them to normal—gives more shaves to each stick. Get that second stick to-day, but be certain it's a Gibbs.

Gibbs COLD CREAM Shaving Soap

PRICES :

Shaving Stick in Nickel Holder Case	1/3
Refills for above	1/-
In Enamelled Cases	7½d. & 1/-
Also in Bowls and Tins	1/3

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 24 V.), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

MAKES WEAK PEOPLE STRONG AND HAPPY.

Most weak, nervous, discouraged and unhappy men and women owe their condition to weakness and lack of iron in the blood. If such people would only strengthen their nervous system and enrich their blood, they would soon be overflowing with the strength, vigour and vitality of youth. This can be quickly and easily accomplished by taking 5 grains of Blood-Iron Phosphate with each meal. Any good chemist can supply you with Blood-Iron Phosphate in 5-grain tablets, the cost is small, and if you want to be healthy and strong begin Blood-Iron Phosphate to-day, and notice how quickly your strength increases, and how much better you look and feel, and how that tired, nervous, exhausted feeling disappears.

MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED

TWO WEEKS ONLY

THE END OF A WONDERFUL EXPERIMENT BY A GREAT BRITISH MANUFACTURING FIRM

SARTOR RAINCOATS

AT REDUCED PRICE

The Famous SARTOR **17/6** CARR. PAID IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

When we made our great offer to supply the real, genuine SARTOR RAINCOAT at an amazingly reduced price, we anticipated a great public response, but the actual result has far surpassed our expectations, and we are reluctantly compelled to announce that the offer will be withdrawn in two weeks' time.

But for TWO WEEKS from to-day, you are still entitled by the terms of our offer, to obtain the famous SARTOR RAINCOAT at the reduced price of 17/6, carriage paid. You are earnestly requested, however, to send your enquiry at once.

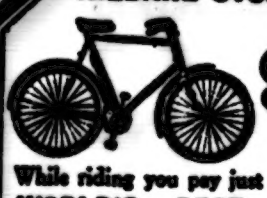
SARTOR RAINCOATS (known all over the world) are tailored by experts from a fully-proofed Gabardine with every check lining, and are suitable for all weathers. SEND for FREE PATTERNS.—Just your name and address on a Postcard, and we will forward a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form. Examine carefully the value we offer before sending money.

OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, we return your money in full. WRITE TO-DAY.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. J., 83, Oxford Rd., MANCHESTER.

WHITELEYS

FAMOUS KILDARE CYCLES



From **9/-** Monthly

While riding you pay just 4d. a day

WORLD'S BEST VALUE

Every Machine Guaranteed

CASH PRICE FROM **£4:19:6**

Carriage Paid by Passenger Train

PRICE LIST POST FREE

Agents for James, Rudge, Raleigh, B.S.A., Sunbeam, Enfield, etc.

WM. WHITELEY, LTD., Queens Rd., London, W.2

Please mention *John Bull*

Soothes and Heals the Tortured Skin

The burning irritation of Eczema and all similar rashes and eruptions is soothed immediately by Germolene. In the case of Mrs. Cole, this splendid dressing cured severe and serious Eczema which had persisted for seven years.

Mrs. Cole's Signed Statement:

Mrs. Cole, Pembroke Bungalow, Ashburnham Road, Burry Port, South Wales, says:—"I was troubled with eczema for about seven years. It was on my wrist, and a little way up the arm, and the itching and burning were intense. I had to scratch it, and that made it run. It became so bad at last that my wrist was raw all round. I had all sorts of things for it, but none did any permanent good till I got germolene. Then the relief was wonderful. Germolene soothed the itching at once, and soon it was quite cured. I have never been roubled with it since."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Pruritis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Price 1/3 and 2/- per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

HE WAS BALD

The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound.

In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely and lastingly covered with luxuriant growth.

HIS HAIR GREW

The mixture called Kotalko is prepared according to the genuine formula and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. KOTALKO has proved itself a quick and reliable hair grower. It stops hairs from falling out. It eliminates scurf. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a testing box of Kotalko may obtain one post paid by sending sixpence in stamps or postal order to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (33AP), London, W.1. After using the testing package, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow, you may obtain a further supply at a modicum.

ACIDITY THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

Once get rid of acidity, and away go indigestion, gastritis, or whatever form your stomach trouble may take. To banish harmful stomach acidity it is only necessary to take a simple antacid product known as Bisurated Magnesia. This preparation stops all trace of acid fermentation the instant it enters the stomach; it prevents even the possibility of pain and ensures that your food will do you good. Doctors recommend Bisurated Magnesia; hospitals use it, and grateful people everywhere recommend it in the hope that others will be spared the torture that they once endured. Let it help you—any chemist can supply this remedy at 1s. 3d. a package in either powder or tablet form. When buying be sure to see the word "Bisurated" on the wrapper if you want the one SURE remedy for your stomach disorder.

THE DANGER OF "STOPPING TREATMENT."

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease get so "tired of treatment" that they cease to attend the doctor or hospital. But the germ does not get tired; it burrows into the deeper tissues, and grave surgical operations are often the result.

No sufferer is safe until he or she has been discharged by the doctor as cured, and any interruption of treatment may delay the cure for months or years, and lead to dangerous complications.

Full information can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

OVER-FATNESS

A simple, safe and unfailing home treatment. Send a postcard for booklet giving full description and directions of Dr. Cathcell's 25 day treatment, 7/6.

ALFRED BISHOP, Ltd., 48, Seelman Street, London, E.1.

ANOTHER £250 BENEFIT PAID

JOHN BULL has always maintained that the very best evidence of the soundness of its Free Home Insurance Gift lies in the number of names published each week.

This week, the value of registering with JOHN BULL is brought home in forceful fashion by the payment of a £250 Death Benefit. This proves in no uncertain way the comprehensiveness of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift. Whether the accident results in disablement, or results fatally, JOHN BULL stands ready to alleviate suffering and distress.

Again, those who follow week by week the space we devote to our Insurance Gift, will have noticed the heavy toll which Fire takes in the homes of our readers.

Fire, in spite of all care and precaution, is an ever-present menace. Nobody is immune—nobody can say "It won't happen in my house." A little forgetfulness—a stray spark—and your home is ablaze in a moment. Why run the risk of great loss when JOHN BULL covers you *free*?

And JOHN BULL covers its readers not only against Fire, but against ALL Home Accidents. It offers these benefits in return for your signature—Do not wait until misfortune happens to you, protect yourself Now!

Fire, Storm, Floods, Sickness, Accidents—JOHN BULL protects you free against all these common dangers, and that they ARE common dangers is proven by the thousands that have already benefitted. Moreover the benefits which we offer are free from the tiresome restrictions and irritations inseparable from claims handled by insurance companies, because JOHN BULL handles its own claims.

Don't think that calamity always happens in other people's homes—don't think that accidents always happen to someone else. Take advantage now of the wonderful opportunities which JOHN BULL offers you free. It costs no money to register to-day—it may cost you a great deal of money if you do not. The forms are on page 2—why not sign them now?

THE HELPING HAND

Men Lifted Out of the Slough of Despond

WHILE it has always been the object of "The Greatest of These——" Fund to afford assistance in cases of distress which do not come within the scope of the activities of other organisations by giving temporary relief to those who are in the extremity of despair, the administrators of the Fund have continually kept in view the ideal of more permanent benefit by re-establishing the self-respect of men who have fallen in the fight against adverse circumstances and giving them an opportunity of once more becoming useful and self-supporting members of the community.

In this work we have been assisted by a gentleman of title who has provided employment for half a dozen war-worn down-and-outs whom we selected. Though he does not wish his identity to be disclosed, we may be permitted to quote the following passages from his last letter to us:

"May I take this opportunity of congratulating you on the admirable work you are performing?

"You do about ten times as much for those in trouble as any Labour Exchange will ever do, and it is good to feel that there is at least one journal which will support those who fought for England.

"I am very happy to be associated with you."

This gentleman, who has travelled through the world and knows it almost from the Poles to the Equator, is helping us to help men who have been driven by stress of circumstances to do things which have brought them within reach of the law.

There is many a good man being dogged by the police who, given a chance, could retrieve his character. Through the kind offices of this anonymous benefactor, we have been able to place several such men in situations on the land in which they can prove their value and bury their past.

We want more of such benefactors. In weeding out the numerous applicants for assistance from the "Greatest of These——" Fund, we continually come across men who need just that helping hand to lift them out of the slough of despond into which they have fallen.

Will you not help us to carry on this good work?

Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Alford," 2d.; "First Ninths," 1s. 4½d.; J. B., Mrs. G. B., and A. F., 3s.; "Edinburgh," 1s. 4d.; "Pip's Ninth" (Coventry), 1s.; "Hopeful," 1s.; "Hammersmith," 1s.; E. S. (Forest Hill), 1s. 6½d.; E. F. Tobin, 1s.; "Fourdraws, 1s.; "Verb," 1s. 6½d.; "More Than a Ninth," 1s.; "Old Mack's Ninth," 2s.; "Alec," 1s.; "Mother," 2s. 6d.; J. Young, 3d.; E. L. M., 6d.; "Discharged Soldier's Widow," 1s.; B. Wilkins," 3s. 3d.; "Sketty," 6d.; "Arty Kay," 1s. 9d.; "Posy," 6d.; "A Small Ninth," 3½d.; A. V., 2s.; F. S., 9d.; W. G., 2s. 3d.; T. Harold Wood, 1s. 1d.; "Husband and Wife," 2s.; "A Widow's Ninth," 6½d.; "Sporty," 2s.; "Simon Melton," 1s. 6d.; "A Grass Widower's Mite," 9d.; G. B. (Sculbury), 2s. 4d; "A Working Mother," 2s. 6d.; L. U. L., 2d.; "Two Friends," 3s. 6d.; "Four Ninths," 8d.; "Disabled Ex-Soldier," 6d.; E. B. G., 10½d.; "A Ninth" (Morpeth), 1s.; "Sport," 1s. 3½d.; E., 4s.; B., 6d.; "Windsorian," 1s. 6d.; "Unlucky," 6d.; "Wells," 6d.; "Kitty's Ninth," 6d.; Mrs. A. Gough, 1s. 6d.; "Competitor," £1; "Tally," 2s. 6d.; "More Anon," 1s. 3d.; L. S. C. S., 1s. 3d.; "Lou," 2s. 6d.; "Lucky," 1s. 4d.; O. P., 3d.; E., 2s.; W. H. R., 1s. 6d.; "Lucky Ninth," 6½d.; J. D., 1s. 7d.; "One Ninth," 6d.; "Two People," 9d.; J. P., 1s. 3d.; 8/4, 3½d.; "Juby General," 1s. 6½d.; George Drake, 1s. 7½d.; "Unlucky Bulleteer," 1s.; G. V. C., 2s. 6d.; "A Boy," 3s.; "Queenie," 6d.; "An Unwanted Wife," 1s. 3d.; "Oman," 1s. 6½d.; "Lonely Widow," 2s. R. W., 9½d.; F. W., 2d.; "Mabel's," 6d.; "One Hand," 1s. 1½d.; A. and E., 5½d.; A. K., 1s.; "Kent Bee," 2s. 9d.; "Alfred," 6d.; "Elham Ninth," 9½d.; "A Believer," 6d.; "Scotland," 1s. 6d.; "One Ninth," 2s. 2d.; "Co-Co" (Maidstone), 6d.; B. H., 1½d.; "Ninth Bob," 1s.; S. Moore, 1s. 6d.; "Enytaincd," 1½d.; W. 14, 1s. 6d.; "Ninth," 10d.; "A Ninth," 1s. 6d.; E. R. P. (Bow), 4½d.; Mrs. Ross, 6; T. L. H., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Schofield, 1s. and parcel; By hand, 1d.; "Trusting to Luck," 6d.; X. Z. Y., 6d.; J. S. A., 1s. 6d.; H. K. F., 1s.; "Hoping for Luck," 2s. 6d.; "Two Ninths," 2s. 7d.; "Hopeful," 2s. 10d.; "Small Tradesman," 2s. 6½d.; "A Wellwisher," 2s. 6d.; "Tisarch," 1s.; "Abadden," 2s. 6d.; E. Ennett, 7d.; G. and A. Nelson, 3s. 9d.; M. A. G., 5d.; "Cissie," 1s.; "Mike," 12s. 6d.; "Moo," 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth" (Shepley), 2s. 2d.; "A Regular Reader," 1s. 1½d.; "Lone Star's Ninth," 2s. "Scottonio," 1s.; "Two Ninths," 1s. 6d.; "Disabled Duff," 1s. 1½d.; "Cymrollowed Gohaith," 9d.; W. C. Mill, 6d.; "The Old Gal," 2s. 4d.; "Unlucky Devil," 10s.; "Plymouth," 2d.; "Moo," 10d.; C. R. W., 2s. 4½d.; "Employed Ninth," 2½d.; "Lone Ninth," 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

To Readers Who Have Never Competed

IT is interesting to learn that amongst our readers there are many who, whilst not participating in *Bullets*, enjoy reading the printed results.

Why they are content to remain in the background while their fellow-readers are carrying off big prizes every week it is difficult to say, for anyone who can appreciate a list of winning *Bullets* is himself a potential prize-winner.

First and foremost, the new competitor should realise that success or failure depends entirely on the merit of the *Bullets* he enters. Nothing else can have any influence on the adjudication of his *Bullets*.

Turn to the list of *Examples* for the current *Bullets* contest, and read them through slowly and carefully. That is the first step. Some will appeal to you more than others—perhaps one in particular. Allow your thoughts to dwell round that *Example*, considering it from every possible aspect, with a view to applying to it one of the ideas which have been set moving within your mind. It is most essential that you should try to develop *only one idea at a time*. If you allow a medley of ideas to chase one another through your thoughts, the result will be useless and unproductive.

Only two, three or four words are permissible in the finished effort. But in the preparatory shuffling of words and phrases, it may be useful to ignore this limit. First decide on what you want your *Bullet* to say. Then focus it down to the word limits allowed.

Pause at this stage, asking yourself:—

(1) Does this *Bullet* bear the mark of originality?

(2) Is its meaning likely to be perfectly clear to others?

(3) Is it an apt and neatly fitting reply to the *Example* chosen?

These tests will enable you to see the faults in your own efforts—and correct them.

This **2/6** "Everpointed" Pencil **FREE**

In order to introduce the New Model S/6 "John Bull" Pen.

Send no Money! Just sign the Coupon

To JOHN BULL, DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 5 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 5 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if head, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co" and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B 18.8.23. Date.....

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd Prize £20

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £20

100 Prizes of £1

3rd Prize £10

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

4,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 494.

MR. BALDWIN
BLIND EYE
BRITAIN'S POLICY
HOW IT'S DONE
FAILURE
AMATEUR DETECTIVE
AT THE SEASIDE
UNDER CONTROL
PARIS MODES
ALONE
EVERY MINUTE
MOST ROMANTIC
ONLY JUST
LAST DRINK
ON A POSTCARD
SEARCH ENGLISH
FASHIONABLE
POOR TEACHER
NO EXCUSE
WORTH FOLLOWING
WIFE AND CHILDREN
HOLIDAY THOUGHTS
MR. HARMONY
SWIMMING
WHEN ONE STARTS
POST MISSING
AT OUR BEST
AFTER THE STORM
LIVELY COMPANY
PAID OUT
SMALL TRADER
REWEARD DOING

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in connection with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly rejected.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and compliance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

COUPONS REPRODUCED FROM ISSUES for the 28, 21 and 14 September, will be paid for at the rate of 1s. each if accompanied by the original coupon from which the attempt is copied. Only one claim per coupon will be considered, and the latest published date of issue must be given. Address: "Coupons" Dept., JOHN BULL, 12, Bam Street, London, W.C.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
Choose any of the *examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *example* chosen, the first of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 494, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 23.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(494) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 23.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(494) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 23.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(494) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

Closing Date, Thursday, Aug. 23.

No.——
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(494) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" please write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF WINNERS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 492.

[illegible] — [illegible] — [illegible] — [

Curzon's Men's Wear Bargains are the wonder of England—

A 24 oz. Wool Union GABARDINE

Rainproof Coat

for only **50/-**

Carriage paid 1/- extra. In Navy and Fawn shades, Cravenette Proof. Check lined. Splendidly Tailored. Sizes from 34 to 44 chest. 50/-. Please give measurements round chest over waistcoat and state approximate height. Also state if Single or Double - Breasted Coat required.

S.B. STYLE (also made in Double Breasted Style with Belt).

Gents' Cream Flannel

TENNIS SHIRT

with collar attached. Breast pocket. Guaranteed to wash and wear well. London's Best Value.

4/11

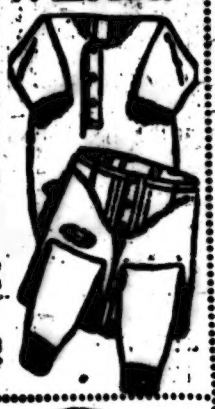
All Sizes.

Postage 6d.

Usual price—6/11.

ALL-WOOL

UNDERWEAR.



Pure all-wool natural Underwear, in that comfortable medium weight which is suitable for all the year round. Made from double strength all-wool yarn. Beautiful soft finish. Vest (in half sleeves or long sleeves).

4/11

Also pants same price, 4/11, outsizes 6d. extra.

(Usual price 8/11).

Postage for 1 or 2 garments 6d. 3 or more 9d.

DOUBLE-BREASTED

FEATHERWEIGHT MAC with Belt.

CURZON'S PRICE

21/-

Carriage paid 1/- extra. Usually sold at £2.

Though light in weight, this is a thoroughly reliable garment, and perfectly Waterproof. Made in a nice Fawn shade with Taped Seams, Well Ventilated and Hand finished. All sizes in stock.

State height and give chest measure over waistcoat.

Grey Flannel Trousers

AT HALF PRICE.

All sizes from 30-42-inch waist. Made from reliable quality Flannel in Mid and Dark Greys, with belt loops, hip straps, raised seams and permanent turn-ups. Well cut, trimmed and tailored

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